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SPARE MOMENTS

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SPARE MOMENTS

A COLLECTION OF
ARTICLES ON EVERYDAY SUBJECTS
WRITTEN FOR THE

Atlantic News

By "CENSOR"
A member of The Atlantic National Bank Association

With an introduction by
GEORGE S. MUMFORD

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION

BOSTON · MASS.
McGRATH-SHERRILL PRESS
MCMXXVI

OF THIS LIMITED EDITION OF
FIVE HUNDRED COPIES THIS IS
NUMBER 309

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THE ATLANTIC NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

Spare Moments

DEDICATED TO THE EMPLOYEES OF THE ATLANTIC NATIONAL BANK WHOSE INTEREST WAS THE INSPIRATION AND THE COLUMNS OF WHOSE MAGAZINE WAS THE MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THESE WRITINGS FIRST APPEARED IN PRINT

INTRODUCTION

This collection of little sermons by an unnamed author creates a healthy atmosphere and cannot help but prove a tonic and stimulus to any sound minded reader. Here we are told how to find both physical and mental recreation. We are also told that to make the body healthy should be the first goal of well considered ambition. Then to acquire knowledge, or education or complete mastery of the work selected to be the special work of life; for all these three really mean one and the same thing. And finally to use that knowledge in carefully regulated application to the work in hand.

It is now generally accepted as a fact that man has his thinking done for him. That he may perhaps work out for himself and choose which social code his life will be guided by, whether to be honest or to make his living dishonestly, whether to live so as to be without self reproach, or be in constant fear that he will be found out in some act of folly which his fellows will condemn, but beyond that, man in general follows the groove prepared for him and avails himself of the facilities provided by others with little or no thought beyond the immediate moment.

Our richest citizen is reported to have said that the reading of history is useless because it is the present

and not the past that concerns the living man. While Henry Ford is himself one of the exceptions to the dictum that man has his thinking done for him in that he has planned and developed a place for himself apart from his fellows, yet in this attempt to draw a line between the past and the present he has fallen into a thoughtless error. There is no such line. The sum total of all past experience has created the present, and without a knowledge of that experience the new achievements of the present day could not and would not have been realized.

It is by a careful reading of such books as the one here presented, that we are helped to think and to think straight, to analyze the thoughts and motives of others and to develop ourselves so that each of us too may create an individuality and a place for ourselves that will prove more satisfying than that of the mass of unthinking mankind.

GEORGE S. MUMFORD

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SPARE MOMENTS

VALUE OF RELAXATION

WHEN you need rest — *relax*. Relaxation is rest, and there is no rest, physical or mental without relaxation. Relax physically first. Start with the toes and end with the scalp. Deliberately, calmly, relax the toes. Get rid of the least physical tension. Sense them as being absolutely quiet and limp. Then move to the ankles, and work on them till in like manner they are *free* from all strain or tension. Work over the whole body in this way. The chances are rather in favor of your being fast asleep before you get up in your relaxing to the scalp, but this does not signify. If you have concentrated steadily on relaxing the muscles throughout the body you have been resting the body. The same is true of the mind. Make your mind a blank — stop the racing thoughts — resolutely think of nothing.

Physicians are turning their attention to this matter of relaxation. Their theory at present is that no man — at least not one in a thousand — has sufficient control of his mind and body to stop, solely by an effort of will, even for a short time, this drain on his vital energies, so long as he is surrounded by the many distractions of the daily routine. Therefore, they prescribe a treatment that compels a conservation of these vital forces by giving as little as possible

to spend them on. They lock the patient up in a dark room, or put him in a hut on some country hillside, far removed from all outside disturbances. There he remains for a few hours, or a whole day, with no one to talk to — nothing to read — nothing that tends to disturb or excite him in the slightest degree. And thence he comes at the end of his enforced seclusion, renovated, invigorated, with his reservoirs of vitality undrained.

There are two methods of ensuring this supply of reserve energy so necessary to our well-being: one, strengthening the bodily agents by which this vitality is manufactured and stored, the other, reducing the expenditure of vitality. A wise combination of the two gives the best results. As a matter of fact, it is not even necessary to go into retreat to gain the benefit of the latter of these two methods. Just compel yourself to take it easy for a day — or an hour as a starter. Avoid all unnecessary motion of the body — insist on physical relaxation — conquer all emotion — become so far as you possibly can, physically motionless, mentally a blank, emotionally a stoic. Try it and see if you don't get renewed strength. Like everything else of the kind, it will require resolute self-training, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that by no possibility are you doing yourself any bit of harm by adopting this method of storing up for your emergencies a full reserve of vital force and energy.

It is not always possible to score a hundred per cent in this relaxation game, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that every advance along this line is so much clear gain.

Good *health is the most precious of our possessions. No price is too high to pay for it — nothing is worth purchasing with it. All may have good health — all may lose it. A quiet conscience, an active body and mind, simple food, simple pleasures, plenty of sleep — this is the prescription.*

THE CHOICE OF A SONG

"I have a song to sing, O!"
"Sing me your song, O!"
— GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

WHAT really is it that makes a song popular, what makes it a lasting favorite? We do not mean the popularity of a day, but the lasting popularity. What makes a song live in the memory and come to the surface every now and then without thought or volition on our part?

The writer recently had occasion to visit one of the departments of the bank where everyone at the time was busily engaged, each on some special clerical task of figuring or checking. Two or three were humming to themselves as they worked. From one came softly the strains of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," from another a touch of the "Rosary" and from a nearby worker, odd as it may seem, a phrase of the grand old "Portuguese Hymn." What was it about these songs that stamped them on the minds and memory of these workers?

It is not the words as some claim. How many of us know even one full stanza of "America," or "Dixie," or "Marching through Georgia," or "Onward Christian Soldiers?" It is the melody. A song after all is a bit of music — not a bit of verse. To be sure the verse has rhyme and should furnish an appropriate

setting, but it is the music, the melody, the harmonies, that we feel, that move us and that come back again and again to move us as the years pass. The present custom of giving the greater praise to the verse writer is a wrong one. The verse has comparatively little to do with the life of a song.

There is undoubtedly considerable force in the argument that a song is remembered because of the setting in which it is first heard — for example, carols because of their Christmas setting — hymns because of their church and religious association — marches because of the swing and tramp of the marching columns. This is undoubtedly true to a degree — but only to a degree. After all there are songs — take the "Marseillaise" for instance — that few of us have ever heard in their real settings, and yet we feel each time the thrill and response to the music.

And a second thought came to us as we stopped for a moment in that quiet, busy room and listened to the faint hum of these tunes so well known, rising softly and intermittently above the scratch of pens, the shuffle of feet, and the broken rustle of paper and turning leaves. What significance was there in the choice of songs? Was there anything from which the psycho-analyst could deduce facts as to the character, temperament, mental capacity of those humming? What was it that led one to hum away at "Sweet Rosie O'Grady?" What forgotten past brought the "Portuguese Hymn" forward?

We all have had this experience. We all at some time or another have found ourselves humming or whistling while we work.

And speaking of things musical, we do not have to go into the subconscious to come upon odd selections of tunes even when the selection is a voluntary one. Why, for example, did the British Troops march out of Cologne, Germany, in the final evacuation of that country with their bands playing "Swanee River," and "Yankee Doodle?"

THERE *are few pleasures that a man can be prouder of enjoying than the pleasure that comes from helping someone else — and no pleasure that is more peculiarly his own. No one can deprive him of it — and no one can gain it for him!*

ANGER AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

WE ARE living in an age of luxury. This is generally admitted. Some point to the fact with pride — others with misgiving — while yet others hold it up as a warning of national decadence. These last will tell you that history has proven the bad effect upon the human race of a luxurious habit of life. This may be so; we hope not. At any rate, there are certain luxuries that have been indulged in by mankind from Adam's time, that have never failed to take their toll in death, disease and human misery, and that can be dispensed with without the least loss to anyone. The one that is most disastrous to bodily health and chance of progress and success, is *anger*. To lose one's temper is a luxury for which one pays high.

The doctors assure us that emotion, grief, worry, anger, joy, fear, have an immediate and positive effect on our physical body, and that of all the emotions *anger* has the most harmful reaction on body and mind. When a man is angry, his mind ceases to function properly — his sense of judgment, his ability to discriminate and appraise justly, is at once taken from him. In addition, he becomes physically upset from head to feet. His blood channels become con-

gested, his circulation impaired, his vital organs cease to function normally.

A man in a fit of anger is busily and successfully engaged in poisoning himself physically and mentally. And to what purpose? What possible benefit or effective result is there from a fit of rage?

As a self handicap, it has every other scheme beaten to death. The man who has lost his temper is just about as efficient physically and mentally as though he were drugged and had one hand tied behind his back. Moreover, each time he uses this luxury, he shortens his life, loses his friends, and sacrifices the respect of his fellows. It is bad enough to be a gormand, or a coward; but it is worse to lose one's temper.

IT WOULD *be well worth the while for all of us to spend a definite time, however brief, each day in getting acquainted with ourselves. You would be surprised to learn what a stranger you are to yourself. Few people do this. Many are afraid to — many too busy with other things. But it is well worth while. You will be surprised how well you can become acquainted — how many things you can help yourself in doing or avoiding.*

SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR

THERE are two things that every one of us can get and that are the greatest factors of health and well-being in this world — sunshine and fresh air. Yet comparatively few really avail themselves as they should of either of these great blessings.

Take sunshine, for example — free to every one — something all may enjoy and benefit by — rich and poor — young and old — strong and weak — all alike. Here at hand is the very finest medicine in the world for man or beast. The beast appreciates it. His instinct teaches him its value. He seeks it and benefits from it. On the other hand, human beings as a rule neglect, even actually avoid, subjecting themselves to this great revitalizer of the human body.

Take those who do something in this line. Take our summer resorts, Atlantic City, Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, Marblehead. Think of the money that people spend at *these* places. What are they buying in the last analysis — nothing but sunshine and fresh air. To be sure there is the recreation and the surroundings to interest and distract the mind from its daily channel of thought. But when you stop to think of it, the same sunshine and fresh air is right at hand if we really seek it, right in the back yard or city park — if only we set out to enjoy it.

Get out in the sunshine. Let it soak in. Feel the resulting invigoration. Realize that nothing is so great a disinfectant, nothing so great a foe to disease germs.

All animals by instinct seek the sunlight. Watch your cat or dog.

We on the other hand get far too little of it. Screened daily in every possible way from this great healer, we now and then take an hour or two on the golf course or an afternoon at the beach — and like as not overdue the exposure, with ill results.

You cannot get too much of sunlight, but you can get it too suddenly. Work up to it more gradually. There is no wisdom in going bareheaded under a midsummer's noonday sun. Get acclimated by degrees. But do not fear the moderate sunburn nor the resulting coat of tan. No malignant germs of disease can live under sunlight. The sun is the implacable foe to all the physical ills of mankind.

For a long time mankind has realized that there is nothing so healing, so vitalizing as sunlight. What we are just learning is that this sunlight must come to us direct, through air and ether — and not be filtered through glass. Scientists have discovered that even the ordinary window pane deflects that part of the sun's rays that does the healing for us. So do not depend on the "sun-parlor"— do not recline on the window seat and take your sunning through the glass of the closed window. Get outdoors, in the park, on the roof, and get your sunlight undiluted.

OUR BODY *is pretty nearly what we imagine that it is. Without going into the metaphysics of it, the scientist and student of the present day are now beginning to agree that we become to a surprising degree what we imagine ourselves to be — and that what we eat, breathe, drink, and do benefits or hurts our physical bodies in direct obedience to our state of mind.*

In other words, if you think your work is tiring you, it will *tire you — whereas if you make a pleasure of it, the effect is exactly opposite.*

HUNT FOR THE LAUGH

HUNT for the laugh. There is a laugh in everything — or at least a smile — and it is up to us to find it and dig it out. It is all in the viewpoint. When you have something that makes you mad, or grouchy, or lonesome, or down-in-the-mouth, look it over from this side and that until you find the laugh in it. You will find how everything brightens — how differently the whole thing focuses up — how the anger subsides, how the grouch evaporates, how the sorrow lightens.

Just as perspiration purifies the blood so does a good honest laugh purify the mind. You have all heard the saying "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Do the same with the laugh. Make it "A laugh a day." But be sure that the laugh is a good wholesome one, nothing mean, nothing sneering, no one's feelings hurt. Share it. Laugh *with* someone. It is wonderful what a laugh will do to brighten the outlook. We all have our troubles, our sorrows. We all have our load to bear. This is as it should be if we believe this life to be a training period for another and better existence. All the more reason for using the medicine that nature has placed at our disposal.

How can we manufacture this laugh that helps so greatly over life's rough spots? Well, strange as it

seems, the best recipe is to "make some one else laugh." Try it,— raise a grin on the sour visage of some one else — and watch the result on yourself.

There is no better tonic than a good laugh. It keeps the body secretions active, postpones hardening of the arteries, and keeps us youthful. A laugh is good to utter — and good to hear. Nothing is more contagious — nothing reacts more happily on the listener. The good, honest, spontaneous laugh is at once a gift and a benediction. Yet a laugh to be good and to do good must always ring true. The giggle and the sneer can always be spared without the slightest loss to giver or receiver.

Try a smile now and then just as a kind of Spring medicine, if for nothing else. In the first place you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it will make some one else about you feel better and in the second place it will make you feel better yourself.

It is a funny thing, this question of cause and effect. It leads us into many strange alleyways of study and research. Take, for example, the human body. It is true that most of our actions are controlled by our thoughts. It is also true that there is no better way of bringing the thought into the mind than by performing the action. If you yawn, you probably begin to feel sleepy. If you shiver, you feel cold. It works either way — a kind of "reflex."

At least try it out. It is one of the few experiences that will not cost anything, and you will have the

inner satisfaction of knowing that you are making some one else a wee bit happier during the experiment.

A cheerful grin will cost you nothing — except perhaps a little effort — and it will help others.

When you feel grouchy, or mean, or peevish, try a little auto-suggestion. Muster up a smile — or think of something pleasant and the smile will come.

THAT *greatest asset of any business, "Good Will," is founded on the friendliness of its customers — and you make a friend by the* manner *in which you do anything for him much more than by* what *you do.*

PUTTING ON A MASK

IT IS a splendid thing for each of us to have a good idea of our own ability. Without self-confidence little progress is made by anyone. But when this opinion of our ability extends to the point where we feel that we can deceive other people into thinking that we are something that we are not—when, in other words, we begin to act the hypocrite, then the splendor of this idea of self-confidence vanishes quickly, and we have instead, the slightly pathetic and wholly contemptible spectacle of a person trying to deceive other people and making a complete failure of it.

It is remarkable, when one stops to think of it, how cheaply some people must hold the mental ability and keenness of perception of their fellows. They are constantly renewing their attempt to appear to others something that they know they are not — trying to impress others into believing that they possess qualities that they themselves know they sadly lack.

When we pose in this manner we do not go very far in fooling ourselves. Why not give other people credit for at least as much good judgment as we ourselves possess? When we "make believe," even though far gone in that bad habit, we are bound to feel, now and then, a bit of shame and disgust for ourselves. Yet many of us go through life trying to be just as unlike

ourselves as possible,— serenely unconscious of the fact that we are failing just as utterly to fool others as to fool ourselves.

Let us be natural — let us be ourselves — let us give up trying to fool others, or if we must fool someone, start in fooling ourselves into being better men and women. For this last, is, after all, the real starting point. We come pretty near being what we honestly believe we are. There is no hypocrisy in living up to the very best standard of an ideal. The more ambitious we become, the more our ideals grow and expand, the more praiseworthy it is for us to believe in these ideals and live up to them — but this is an entirely different proposition from being a hypocrite, from putting on a mask, an outward show, of high morality, piety, or friendliness, while knowing it is but a mask.

Without sincerity little can be accomplished — without sincerity, no real quality can exist in us. Hypocrisy is the most cowardly, the most contemptible, of all human failings. All despise the hypocrite, and it is just a little more silly, just a little more contemptible, to be a hypocrite to one's self, than to be a hypocrite to others. Yet this is what a man does when he attempts to impress upon his fellow men the idea that he possesses and is prepared to live up to certain standards that he knows that he has not and will not observe. The one person with whom we must be sincere is ourself.

PUTTING ON A MASK

Unless we are sincere with ourself, we will never be sincere with others — and without sincerity we may know surely that we will never be any good in this world, or in the next. If we are honest, if we are sincere, we may not be successful, we may not be popular, but at least we will have the constant satisfaction of knowing that we will surely be respected. In the true analysis, *Respect* is next to the very greatest prize this mortal life affords us. The greatest prize is the winning of the *Affection* of our associates — the next greatest prize is winning their *Respect*.

Conceit, *"side," the English call it — an overweening idea of one's own importance — this is a luxury in business life that has a high price tag on it. You pay "through the nose," as our old country slang has it, when you purchase in these days even a small bit of this commodity. It surely falls in the luxury class. Moreover, it is a luxury that few can afford — and none can get it at a bargain. Of all luxuries it is the silliest and most nonsensical. To be sure you meet with it continually in business intercourse — not in such quantity, perhaps, as in former days, but still pretty generally through business circles — though in somewhat diluted form, we are thankful to say.*

But do not yourself go into the market for any of it. It is worse than the drug habit. It will ruin your prospects, estrange your friends, make you a laughing-stock amongst your enemies, and bring you absolutely nothing of good in exchange.

Just be yourself. Don't think of yourself. Don't care what others think of you. Don't strut, keep "off stage." Be satisfied only that what you are doing is right and then forget how you look while you are doing it.

You cannot command *the respect of others — nor yet* demand *it. There is only one way of earning this respect, and that is by forgetting yourself.*

LYING

A GREAT many of us are not honest with ourselves. As a general proposition it is bad to lie to any one — though there are situations where it is justifiable. To lie to yourself is silly. When you do this you are simply belittling your own intelligence. The only thing that makes one attempt it is fear of one's own conscience — and if there is any one element in this life thoroughly disgusting, thoroughly futile, utterly fatal to man's advancement and growth, it is the element of fear. As a matter of fact all of us despise cowardice when we see it in others. Yet this lying to one's self originates in just that cowardly state of mind when we are afraid to look the truth in the face — where we do not dare listen to the quiet inner voice that for want of a better word we call our "conscience."

When you want to be, or do, a thing, that you know is right — that this inner voice tells you is right — believe in it from the ground up. Make yourself believe in it. Don't permit yourself to think for a moment of the possibility of failure.

If you decide to do, or be, a thing that your inner conscience tells you is not right, do it, acknowledging honestly to yourself that it is wrong — and be prepared to suffer the inevitable consequence. Do not

try to justify the act to your inner self by cowardly constructing some disingenuous line of self argument — by claiming for yourself some worthy motive or some highly moral principle as the impelling force — when you know it is not true. To be a liar is bad enough, but to be a hypocrite is infinitely worse. You can be a liar and yet brave — you are nothing but a coward when you are a hypocrite. And it is rather more contemptible to be a hypocrite to yourself than to others.

THE *eyes tell the true story when all is said. Where you wish to learn another's intentions — watch his eyes. Many can control the tongue after a fashion (at least when they have some ulterior motive) — some can control face and gesture (though this is harder), — few, very few, can control the eyes — (and these few never consistently nor for any length of time).*

The eyes not only communicate — they disclose. Take, for example, the man whom you feel is absolutely sincere in whatever you and he may be mutually engaged. It is his eyes that tell you his sincerity — it is his eyes that convince you far more than what he says.

Watch the eyes when you listen to an argument, an excuse, or a petition. Not many can look you in the eye and lie to you.

THE CO-ORDINATION OF EFFORT

IN BOYHOOD days there was no pleasure more real and lasting than to make a place on a team — and hold it. There was no feeling just like it — the feeling that you were a vital, necessary cog in the team machinery, that you were successfully doing your bit as a part of the whole so that without loss of effort, without slipping of gears, the team was winning.

Individual success was pleasing but it was not the same. To win in tennis, to capture a first place in the pole vault, these had their place in the scheme of things athletic, but to be a member of a winning team was an entirely different proposition. Nothing equaled it. The co-ordination of effort — the companionship — the team strategy of which you were a necessary part — the dependence of your teammates on you and your dependence on them— without parallel all went to create an atmosphere of fellowship and achievement. Those who have had this experience never forget it. No matter how many years have passed it always comes back to them in memory with the old thrills, the old faces, the old struggles.

The same holds true today of our work. This is our big game now, the game of life. To be a working part of a big industry carries with it problems and re-

wards unequalled. It is a bigger game than ever was played on the athletic field, this game of life. For it there is no picking or choosing. No matter how we feel we simply have to play, or be put on the bench. There is no more pitiable, no more useless individual than the one who is out of gear with the machine in which he is working — who does not do his part — who slows up the efforts of his teammates, who is not alert to improve his part of the teamwork and to help others improve theirs, who drones along stupidly and without interest. Sooner or later, such as these find themselves replaced by better men — "benched," so to speak. And when a man is thus "benched" it is rarely that he ever is called upon to do any "pinch hitting" in this existence.

You will find on the team all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. It does not seem much like the team of the boyhood days. Loyalty is often lacking, efficiency, a minus quantity. Can you remember or even imagine a player in the boyhood days not loyal to his team, his captain, his mates; or of anyone staying in the game who was a quitter?

And yet it is so easy to make good in this great game where we are all teammates together. If we get the right perspective, if we come to realize that in this game of life the aim is not to *beat*, but to *help*, not to gain applause, but *to do well*, then we are absolutely sure of being on the winning side — and of preparing ourselves for whatever our next game may prove to be.

In most *games, the distance, the time of the periods, the number of innings, are fixed. The contestants know what they have to do, and how much time in which to do it.*

This is not true in the greatest game of all — the game that all play whether they wish to or not — the game of life. Here there is no fixed task to accomplish, nor any allotted time in which to win or lose. For some the game ends early, with others it goes to extra innings. In this great game there can be no waiting, no laying back for a final spurt. Every inning counts. It may be the last. And yet this greatest of all games has its compensating features. There is no one to beat, no one to taste through any efforts of ours the bitterness of defeat, no one to conquer, except ourselves. To win, all we have to do is to use well each hour as it comes along so that if the game is "called" early we have done our best. A "well used" lifetime wins — whether the game be short or long. The longer the game the greater the responsibility,— that is the only difference.

REAL WOODCRAFT

IN the past there was some bit of a sporting excuse for the killing of wild animals. In the first place they were needed for the family larder; and in the second place there was a fifty-fifty chance with the old slingshot, the bow and arrow, or even the later flintlock that, at least with the larger and more ferocious species, the killer might well become the killed. But what earthly sport there now is in diminishing still further in number the rapidly disappearing beasts of the fields and birds of the air by going gunning for them with the modern shotgun or high powered rifle is beyond apprehension. It is simply a cruel slaughter. The thrilling stories of danger which come now and then to us in our magazine written by some reckless hunter, of his experiences in the African jungles, are just a touch nauseating to any reader who stops to consider the facts.

With a high powered gun that will stop an elephant practically in his tracks or knock a tiger or a lion plum over, what earthly credit is there due the hunter? He takes far more risk from mosquitoes and snakes than he does from what he is hunting.

Then again, coming nearer home, how anyone in these days who has seen a deer die, and has got one look of those helpless, harmless, innocent, eyes can

ever afterwards level a rifle at one is a thing that is hard to understand. The same is true of our birds. What earthly excuse is there for taking in this brutal, cruel manner the lives of these innocent things? If a man wants a real sporting chance, let him take a camera and try to photograph at close range these wild things of wood and field. There is a sporting chance in this. It calls for real woodcraft. It leaves no sting of conscience. No one is hurt, and everyone is having a good time. It is a fair game, with the odds, to tell the truth, in favor of the photographee rather than the photographer.

THIS *is a strenuous age. One of our prominent life-insurance companies reports from its accident department an interesting list of claims.*

According to this report thirty-nine persons during the last year presented claims for injuries from slipping when in the bathtub — five hundred and five persons, from tripping over rugs — three hundred and fifty persons, from falling down stairs.

Even the less active sports appear to furnish their quota of claims. Five persons collected on their accident insurance because of injuries received from collisions on the dance hall floor. Sixteen golfers were damaged by being hit with golf balls, while nine others fell into bunkers, and emerged with claims for injuries.

OIL AND WATER

VERY few of us know how to *work* — that is, how to work efficiently and well — how to get results commensurate with the efforts expended. Moreover, queer as it may seem, there are not many of us who know how to *loaf* — that is, how to loaf well so that we really get some good out of it.

The main trouble seems to be our continual attempt to mix oil and water — the oil of *work* and the *water* of *loafing*. One can never mix the two successfully. Yet, one is always trying to do just this. We all have our border land between working and loafing and it is this border land and its limits that give us the most trouble. If we will only keep the two separate — if we concentrate on our work until we come to the end of that special field of endeavor, and then step across the stile into the "loaf pasture" we will have much less trouble. As it is we are all too apt to let the *loafing* creep into our work, or else we carry the *work* over into the loafing. Each is equally bad. If you loaf while you work you will never accomplish much — if you work while you loaf you will kill your efficiency, and ruin your health besides.

There is of course a third factor that enters into our work time and our rest time and that is "play." Here we are on far different ground. Play is nothing

but a state of mind. It can become a part of our work and our loaf with equal facility.

It is a great mistake to consider work and play as two opposites. Play is far from being the opposite of work. Play mixes well with either the oil or the water. Play when you work, play when you loaf,— no harm is done. Both *work* and *loaf* are benefited. In fact, until you can make of your work an interesting, absorbing game, you will never reach the heights. On the other hand, if you *loaf* when you *work* or *work* when you *loaf*, you will soon and unfailingly find yourself in a peck of trouble.

The whole thing is to concentrate on what you do. First decide what you are going to do, and then concentrate on it, and do nothing else while you are busy with it. When you are through with your day's work, stop short — get away from it — turn to something else. It doesn't matter much what. Carry this same recipe of concentrating right into whatever you do.

There are two silly sights in this world amongst the many others. One is the man who works with his mind half on his job and half on a dozen different things, and the other is the man who carries his work around with him everywhere and thinks and worries about it out of hours,— two entirely futile and entirely successful ways of squandering the short span of life granted us on this mundane sphere of ours.

Let us work when we work, and loaf when we loaf.

Let us make everything we do a real pleasure to us, and of it all, an interesting play. When we come to writing Finis in our individual book of life we may then take some comfort turning its pages.

ALWAYS *have an ideal. Change it as often as you like, but always have one. Without an ideal you are like a ship without a rudder.*

THE AUTOMOBILE

WE ALL resent any infringement on what we consider our legal right. Every one does. Every one always has. It is instinctive and perfectly justifiable.

However, there is one feature in our present-day existence where it is a mistake to let this feeling control. We refer to present conditions of the automobile and highway traffic. In all probability not a single day passes when a person who drives an automobile does not experience treatment from other drivers that rouses him to just wrath — unwarrantable hogging of the roadway — speeding — cutting in — failure to slow down and sound horn — passing at blind curves — refusal to yield to cars approaching from the right — all illegal, all unjust infringements upon the rights of the users of our highways, both riders and pedestrians.

Nevertheless, here is one situation where the only thing to do is to stifle and repress absolutely the natural feeling of resentment that such action in others justly arouses. There is no wisdom in seeking to stand upon your legal rights — to enforce your legal road privileges. You can bring all such reckless, illegal driving to the attention of the proper officials — in fact we believe that before long such action on

your part will be generally admitted to be your duty as a citizen — but the cost of seeking to enforce your right at the time the offense occurs is too great. The cost is all too apt to be a human life. What consolation will it be if you are legally right and end by causing the death of an innocent passenger, for the offending driver, we regret to say, generally seems to escape injury.

No, the thing to do is to yield in everything. Let the other driver break the law — in fact, expect him to do so and be prepared for it. Then if you wish to do your plain duty to your fellow citizens and to your Commonwealth, take the offender's car number and promptly report by letter the circumstance to the Highway Commissioner. No man who breaks traffic regulations under conditions as they are at present deserves the slightest consideration. If he, with knowledge, breaks them, he is deliberately gambling with other peoples' lives. If he is ignorant of them, he is a constant menace to the life and limb of every law-abiding citizen who either as a pedestrian or as a driver uses our highways. One can still respect a man who recklessly risks his *own* life, but the man who deliberately and wantonly risks the lives of others deserves no consideration whatever.

It is *good to* be *something, but it is far better to* do *something. As far as that goes we cannot very well do the second without becoming the first. What we do makes us what we* are.

A DELUSION AND A SNARE

WE HEAR these days a lot about what a great thing it is to take "a restful spin over the roads in the auto." Don't believe it; it is a delusion and a snare. Any one that tells you that it is "restful" driving an auto these days is — well, he is not telling the truth — let it go at that. If he happens to be an auto salesman, he may be excused for making any such statement; otherwise there is no excuse.

The only person who can get the slightest rest in an automobile these days is the individual who has never driven a car — knows nothing about one. He (or she) can doze peacefully away in the back seat oblivious of all such things as crazy drivers, highway regulations, engine trouble, punctures, and blowouts. Recreation you can have in an auto — no one denies that — of all sorts and degrees, but *rest* — not at all.

Moreover, once a driver always a driver. Never again will you find yourself able to sit back and "let the other fellow do it." It does not matter where you may be sitting in the car, you will find yourself driving from the back seat just the same as if you had hold of the wheel. To be strictly honest about it, it is considerably less tiring under such conditions to do the actual driving than to sit back and try not to notice what the other fellow is doing.

So when father decides to take the family for a short trip by auto through the mountains, don't — if you are "father" — attempt to delude yourself into the belief that you are going to get any "rest" or "relaxation" out of the trip. You will not — by several miles. You will come back from the tour a blame sight more of a nervous wreck than when you started.

A BREATH *of sunrise air is worth ten of noonday. Try it and see. Shorten your evening hours now and then — set the alarm and awake with the rest of nature once in a while. Watch the day break, the sun rise out of its eastern haze. Go to the seashore — and watch the sun "bounce" up over the horizon's rim. Get out on a hill to the west of our city and see the morning rays chase away the shadows and light up the broken sky-line.*

It will make you feel small and insignificant, but it will bring also a sensation of comfort, of peace, and of great safety — a glimpse of the cosmic power that is ever guiding and controlling the universe — big and little — the blade of grass — the planet — ourselves.

CONVERSATION

WHEN one stops to think of it, the realization comes with increasing force that we could all greatly help ourselves, others, and the world we live in, if we showed a little more intelligence in guiding and controlling our conversation. After all, for the average mortal, most of what he does in this world is prefaced and directed by and through what he says. So it is rather important now and then to stop to pause and consider what we do talk about, and whether our talk — which takes up so much of our time and which is the main medium through which we communicate our thoughts, and influence others —is really as effective as it might be.

The average man spends about four-fifths of his talking time in talking about himself. The remaining fifth is spent mostly in talking about other people. The average woman spends about four-fifths of her time talking about other people and the remaining fifth talking about herself. We might seize upon this as an opportunity to be gallant, and express the opinion that women are accordingly less egotistical than men. However, this, we fear, is by no means the inevitable conclusion. Perchance the fair sex are merely more sensible; quicker to realize what fools people make who spend most of the time talking

about themselves — how they defeat the very object they seek to gain.

At that, it is infinitely kinder and more useful to talk about oneself than to utter ill-natured remarks about others. Right here, gentle woman compares unfavorably with her ruder brother. Naturally, the writer has never been favored with an invitation to a "ladies bridge," a sewing circle, a church guild, or the like where woman reigns supreme and no mere male may trespass, but from what comes to his ear, by more or less devious courses from the gatherings, it seems probable that the line of talk there prevailing would be decidedly improved were those present to follow man's example, poor as it is, and talk more about themselves and less about others. Still we realize that this is thin ice and dangerous footing for an ignorant male.

At the least, would it not be an improvement individually and collectively in this little world of ours if all of us, male and female, devote a greater portion of our time in talking about *things*, and not *persons*. There are surely enough beautiful, useful and interesting things in this world for study and discussion to take the time and attention of its inhabitants, always reserving ample opportunity to do the only talking about our fellows that ever should be done — words of help and words of praise — words, educational or of helpful warning and words of appreciation for a thing well done.

We do not place a high enough value on *conversation*. A good conversationalist goes far. Many doors are open for him, many things made easy that are not accessible to one who has not this accomplishment. And it is not a gift, as so many think. It can be acquired, or at least greatly improved, by a little intelligent study and practice.

For the man who wishes to become good at conversation there is one cardinal rule — he must be a good listener — and a good maker of conversation. A good conversationalist is not necessarily a good talker, but he must be a good listener. It is not what you say — it is what you make others say. This should be your goal. To talk, to impart information — this is all right in its place, but its place is not in ordinary conversation.

To have your *vis-a-vis* do the leading and you the capping — to fish for the subject that most interests the person with whom you are talking — and having got a nibble and hooked your fish, then to play him gently, giving him plenty of line and above all never endeavoring to land him.

The trouble with most of us is that, if we talk naturally, we always talk about ourselves. This is more than a habit — it is inbred in us — almost an instinct. And it is most uninteresting to the other fellow.

Listen to the average conversation and you will note that each talker is eagerly waiting for his chance

to talk about himself or something that interests him personally. The chances are that he does not realize this, but it is true all the same.

The next time you are in conversation, notice how much of the talk you make about the other fellow's likes and dislikes, intentions, ideas, and how much about your own.

If you *wish to help others, talk. When you talk sense, others adopt it — when you talk nonsense, others learn what to avoid.*

On the other hand when you wish to help yourself, listen. You will then learn from others — and not risk exposing your own ignorance. The best plan is to mix the two. Listen, to learn — then talk about what you have learned.

LETTER WRITING

LETTER writing is an art. Whether to write, when to write, and how to write are all important — and all sadly ignored by the average individual.

There is a great deal in the admonition of the wise father to his son. "My boy," he said, "that old adage 'Do right and fear no evil' is a motto to keep ever before you. It is a good adage, and I have no quarrel with it. Adopt it and you will not go far wrong, but I say to you, boy, that there is another adage which will save you much pain and sorrow in this life if you will only bear it constantly in mind and be governed by its precepts. That is, 'Don't write and fear no evil.'" Many could profit by this sound advice of the canny old father.

But letter writing is of course a business necessity and so the question *how* to write is constantly presenting itself. The odd thing is that, although a necessity of business, it yet receives little intelligent attention from business men in general. The ordinary run of business letters abounds in stupid, conventional, stilted phrases that have come down to us from the dim past. We still "beg to acknowledge" — we still "enclose herewith" — we still write "yours of the —— instant received and contents noted." Business men who in conference talk simply and

forcefully and to the point abandon this style absolutely when it comes to writing a letter.

A business letter should be couched in simple, direct language. It should have individuality. It should not reek with artificial, colorless phrases. For instance, when we acknowledge receipt of a certain letter it is just as easy to write "your letter of August 20th received" instead of "yours of the 20th instant duly received and contents noted." Of course it has been duly received, of course its contents have been noted, else you would not be answering it. And why "beg to acknowledge?" What is the point in "begging" about it?

Instances of stilted phraseology like the above are numerous. The average business letter abounds in them. The best rule is to write as we would talk under the circumstances to the person to whom we are writing. We must, of course, always bear in mind that the spoken phrase can convey an impression utterly different from the same phrase in writing. The tone, the inflection, the manner of the speaker, are always present to color the spoken word, and are always lacking in the written. For this reason we should be cautious in our choice of the written phrase. With this restriction the rule to write as you would talk is a good one. At the least by following this method you retain your individuality and do not hide it under a hodgepodge of borrowed conventionalities.

When you are talking or writing, use short words — use good old Anglo-Saxon. You will get your ideas across a great deal clearer that way. You will not be hiding them under a pile of three- or four-syllable words.

If you wish to see a good example of the misuse of big words, take the average bank letter — or better still the average bank advertisement. Notice the way the writer smothers in a wrapping of long words the thought that he wishes to convey. If he would only use short, snappy sentences, simple basic Anglo-Saxon words, the writing would have a snap and go that is, as a rule, sadly missing.

It is simply a question of training, of habit. Try it out. After you have written something, sit down and look it over. If you come across a word of more than two syllables, see if you can hit on a shorter one in place of it. You will be surprised at the change it will make in your writing.

Write as you talk — that is when you are talking at ease, not as you talk when you are attempting to make an impression. It is hard at first to use short and simple words when you are talking for effect. After all, it is not enough to know something. You must be able to express what you know in simple and forceful language. Of the two evils, it is better to use slang than long words.

KNOWLEDGE *is of little use without expression. The wise man is sadly cramped in any effort to be of use in this world unless he can express himself well and forcefully to others.*

And as in everything else practice is necessary; practice in talking — practice in writing. When one stops to consider, it is plainly evident that four-fifths of what the average man does is spoken or written. Why not practice a little with the written word?

We are valued at our face. How many never are fairly estimated in this life, simply because they are unable to express themselves so that others may value them at their true worth — their real ability?

IN CONFIDENCE

ALL of us sometime or another have been helped by going to a person in whom we had confidence and unburdening ourselves on matters on which at the time we were in doubt and over which we were worrying. We can all recall advice confidentially given on such occasions that helped us immensely. It was a great comfort just to be able to talk the problem over. It helped us picture things more nearly as they were — it got things in focus, and served to cure the distortion of values.

In like manner we have all had someone in trouble come to us for advice. Let us hope in these latter cases the advice was wise and helpful. But while we can never be sure of the real value of the advice given or received under such circumstances, there is one thing that we can always do — and which if not done should cause us to despise ourselves thoroughly. That one thing is to keep the talk confidential. When a person shows his faith in you by trusting you with a confidence, comes to you for advice and help, tells you his troubles, the very least you can do and preserve your self-respect is to treat him the way you would wish to be treated in like case — and make it a matter of personal pride to repeat to no one what he has volunteered in confidence. It is bad enough

to gossip about other people's affairs in any way, but when we gossip about things that have come to us practically under the seal of confessional it is worse than merely bad — it is despicable.

THERE *is a time and place for everything.*

Many good things lose their value when not timely; — *advice; for instance.*

GREAT MEN

IN THE month of February come the birthdays of two great men, the two greatest men of our American history, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Whenever we celebrate the birthday of a great man, we draw something of value to ourselves by stopping to consider the kind of man he was, the circumstances under which he became great, and just why he performed so well his mission here.

Washington and Lincoln had different problems to solve, different conditions under which to work. Yet in some respects they were alike. In fact, the great men of the world's history seem all to have much in common.

For a man to be great he first must be absolutely sincere — he must believe in what he is doing, and believe with all his heart that what he is doing is the right thing to do. Then in the second place, he has to be forgetful of self. No man has ever become really great in this world because of what he has done *for himself;* it is because of what he has done *for his fellow men.* These two basic qualities can be found in the lives and personalities of every great man; *sincerity of purpose* — and *forgetfulness of self.* If there is added, as in the case of Lincoln there surely

was, a sense of humor, the great man becomes more than great — he becomes lovable. This perhaps is the main difference between Washington and Lincoln. Washington was honored and respected; Lincoln was honored, and respected — and *loved*. To be sure they lived in different times and their respective missions here on earth were different. Washington *created* a nation — Lincoln *saved* it. Yet they were both alike in the sincerity of their aims and the disinterestedness of their motives, as all must be who aspire to greatness.

No man can be a hypocrite and be great, and no man can be truly great who is thinking only of himself. There is no place at the top for the hypocrite or the self-seeker.

Ask *the average man what quality in a fellow man he most admires and the chances are that he will say "sand" — or something that means the same thing. Perseverance, grit, doggedness, courage — call it what you will — it is the one quality we all respect.*

In October we pay tribute to a man who in the history of the country strikingly exemplifies this quality,— Christopher Columbus. Rebuffed, derided, he never lost courage nor faith in himself. His persistence and "grit" were what won. What we really honor him for was not the result *but the* effort.

It is a great comfort to every man and woman to realize that the effort, *the dogged sticking to the thing, is something that each one may have and show. As to the result — that is on the lap of the gods — but the* effort *is all ours to make.*

HISTORY AND SCIENCE

ONE would naturally think that if there were a certain factor in our life to which was due half our pleasure — and three fourths our grief — that such a factor would by this time have been thoroughly studied, diagnosed, classified, and controlled by mankind generally.

This is far from being the case. To what do we owe more of pain and pleasure than Anticipation? Yet who of us makes any serious attempt to analyze, to control so far as we may, this phase of the mind in which rests so much of our happiness and so much of our grief? It can be done. It has been done. It is certainly worth attempting. Our mind is a picture gallery. What we anticipate we see mentally. It is certainly possible to choose the picture, bright or dark, happy or the opposite. It rests with us to choose wisely on which class of picture we shall dwell.

We over-rate the part we play in the history of this world and its progress. We are all apt to consider that our age marks advances in science, mechanics, and religion, beyond all that has gone before.

When the veil of the past is lifted a bit here and there, when research by good fortune uncovers some fragment, some bit of ancient history, then we get a rather severe jar to our modern self-complacency

and egotism. It is not necessary even to turn to these discoveries to learn a lesson of respect for the achievements of the nations that have risen and passed away long ago.

The pyramids still stand, relics of a mighty civilization that existed and flourished twenty centuries before Alexander crossed the Hellespont. The method of their construction is still the puzzle and admiration of our engineers.

Thousands of years ago, when the conquerors of Babylon encamped before that city, they were astonished to find a city wall more than sixty miles in length, eighty feet in height, and broad enough to drive six chariots abreast along its top.

In that same city the astronomers had studied the stars for centuries in an observatory built for that purpose. They had fixed the length of the tropical year within twenty-five seconds of actual correctness. They had learned the causes of eclipses and could predict them. When Alexander entered Babylon, his troops wondered at the remains of two palaces within the city walls with hanging gardens in which great trees were growing in mid-air and an entire system of hydraulic machinery which supplied these gardens with water from the river. Under the river itself there was a great tunnel.

In Persia long before Alexander's time were sundials, water clocks, astrolabes, magnifying glasses. In that country they had their own method of print-

ing by engraving upon a revolving roller somewhat similar to our modern printing press.

Three hundred years before Christ there was in Alexandria a library of seven hundred thousand volumes, with rules and regulations very similar to the public library of our present day. Connected with this library was a botanical and zoölogical garden, museum, chemical library, and a medical department for the dissection of the dead. There were even incubators for the artificial hatching of eggs.

Some of the crimes committed under the name of religion are appalling. Julius Cæsar, forty-seven years before Christ, upon conquering Egypt ordered the whole of this wonderful library burned. Centuries later the crusaders in like manner destroyed a famous library at Tripoli. Later still the Spaniards in a burst of religious fervor made a bonfire of all the Aztecs' picture writings in Mexico that they could lay their hands on, and Ximenes delivered to the flames in Granada over eighty thousand Arabic manuscripts. Just think what future generations have lost in knowledge by these acts caused in each case by the misdirected zeal of fanatical bigots!

A GREAT *danger all run as the years pass is the danger of becoming fixed and narrow in opinion. This is fatal to growth and usefulness. We should keep our minds open to new thoughts and impressions. Because a thing is different from what it has been in our experience is no reason why we should start prejudiced against it. When we are young we jump at anything new and novel. In fact, we are rather prejudiced in its favor simply because it is something new.*

Then, as we grow older and experience comes, with it all too often comes a reluctance to accept or adopt anything new. Yet with the experience of years, we are in a far better position to help develop the best of these new ideas, provided only we study them charitably and without any preconceived aversion to them simply because they are new. A man who has attained to years of experience, and who has also an open and receptive mind, is a most valuable asset in the mundane affairs of this world. Would that there were more of them.

"BONES AND TAMBO"

MINSTRELSY in the United States had its boom immediately following the Civil War. At that time troupes of Minstrels toured the States giving shows in all the different cities and towns. They were all "blackface" performers. Some were negroes,— some were white men blacked up. The usual custom was to have a street parade before the evening performance. One of the best-known of these minstrels was a troupe of real negroes known as "Haverly's Minstrels." There were one hundred members in this troupe — and when one hundred negroes, properly trained and coached, burst into song in a theatre or auditorium, it is worth going some miles to hear. We only wish we had them now.

The usual formation in the minstrel show was for the body of the chorus to sit in a semi-circle facing the footlights with the soloists and funmakers on the wings. Sometimes all were dressed in evening clothes, but generally the end men were attired in fancy costumes and carried tambourines and bones. In addition to the singing and jokes there were cake-walks and dancing specialties. In fact, William Muldoon, the famous wrestler and our well-known John L. Sullivan appeared at times in certain of these minstrel shows as "living statues."

Upon the end men were these minstrel shows largely dependent for their success, and the end men naturally became world famous. Old theatre goers tell us of them: "Billy" Rice and "Hughy" Doherty were the greatest small talk and joke artists — George Primrose was a wonderful dancer — "Lew" Dockstader was famous for his inimitable stump speeches. The musical program was sharply divided between two kinds of songs — the end songs, which generally had a pronounced dancing lilt with funny words — and the ballads. Chauncey Olcott was perhaps the best-known of the singers of these ballads. The end songs were fun and frolic — the ballads were all sentiment. All the popular songs of the day were sung; in fact, it was the custom to open with a medley of such songs and to close with a march medley of the same character.

The master of ceremonies at these minstrel shows — the man without which no minstrel show could properly function — was the interlocutor. Dressed in the height of fashion and located in the geometrical center of the circle he conducted the activities of the entire evening. He talked with the end men and gave them a chance to spring their jokes — he introduced the balladists — he had the opening "gag" which brought on the end songs — he announced the dancing specialties — he was the conductor of the show. No end man could get his joke off well unless the interlocutor brought him up to the climax in proper

form. There were some famous interlocutors in those days.

Of late years the minstrel show has died out somewhat. Glee Clubs came into prominence and rather took the place of the old "minstrel show." These latter are in no sense a minstrel show. There is none of the fun, there are none of the local hits and frolic which make the minstrel show so enjoyable. And the minstrel show still lives. There is no better way for a community or an association where there is local color and tradition to bring every one together for a good time. At these shows bars are down,— no one is immune. All must take their medicine as the "end men" chatter along with their jokes. There is no sting in the local hits and they are always taken as intended, just for fun. Besides, the music is there, too. A good minstrel chorus is just a Glee Club, with the fun thrown in for good measure.

INDIVIDUALITY — *to be yourself — the supreme gift and responsibility granted and imposed upon each of us by the Power that places us in this existence. Few appreciate this gift; fewer encourage and develop it, and fewer still appreciate the fact that it carries with it a great responsibility. When we drift with the stream, we are like the man who buried his talent. Nothing in this universe is purposeless. We are here for a purpose and it is our duty and responsibility to fulfill that purpose whatever it may be. No one can do this for us. In the last analysis no one but ourselves will suffer if we fail.*

OUT OF DOORS

OUR body is a most wonderful machine. The means to keep it oiled and in running shape are at our disposal, and when it gets out of kilter, ninety-nine times out of a hundred we can blame ourselves. Plenty of water outside and in — plenty of sunlight — plenty of fresh outdoor air. These make a good start on the road to health. There is no logic in the saying that you cannot get the fresh outdoor air. Where are you while you are sleeping? No reason why you can't sleep out of doors or with your windows open at their widest.

Night is no time either to work or play. To make such a statement in our present days of big city life seems almost heretical, but it is true, nevertheless, and it would be good for us all if we came quickly and unreservedly to recognize and appreciate the fact.

To be sure certain animals of the predatory class have the task of getting their food at night, but outside of these all nature rests and recuperates at night — mankind included.

We should go to bed early and get up early. Certainly nothing brings better dividends in health, wealth, and wisdom, as the old saying has it. It seems odd that even the most ambitious so totally ignore

this wise saying that has come down through the ages as to the value of going to bed early. Especially does this hold in our big cities — the very place where the desire and the struggle — for wealth at least — is keenest. There we see, day in and day out, year in and year out, the thousands and thousands of city folk working their heads off during the day in an atmosphere of ceaseless noise, bustle, and confusion — then starting in after nightfall to take their pleasure in a circle of late hours, of movies, theatres, dances, cards, and dinners — the same noise, the same confusion, the same "forced draft" atmosphere. Nature never intended a human being to expend his life this way and nature never fails to take toll of all who do.

There is no compulsion about it — it is purely a question of choice, yet very few of us really make any choice. We merely drift along in the city's current — inheriting our standards of fun and pleasure in somewhat the same way that we inherit our religion — ever ready to adopt, copy, and emulate, what we see our fellows and associates doing — without a thought of its value or worthlessness, its good or evil, its benefit or harm.

If you do not feel sleepy after supper and the early evening hours have passed, at least get away by yourself in some place where it is quiet and curl up with a good book — or turn out the lights and look at the stars for a while. It will not do you a bit of harm.

OUT OF DOORS

In the days of old, mankind lived for the most part out of doors. Even when housed in, their method of heating by an open fire resulted in a constant influx of fresh air from the outside in spite of all they could do to prevent it. During daylight hours men worked, played, and breathed, in the open air.

As a matter of fact, this holds true now, except in our towns and cities. For those who live and work surrounded on every side by the artificialities of city life, in steam-heated apartments and offices, it is vitally necessary to seize every possible opportunity to get a breath of outdoor, unheated air.

Many have an idea that to do this it is necessary to get out in the country. This is not so. You can get the same fresh, unheated, vitalizing air on the Charles River Esplanade, at City Point, at Norumbega Park, at Franklin Park, on the roof of your apartment, or your piazza — even in your own living room. All you have to do is "get the habit." You will be surprised to see what it will do for you in the way of increased vitality, vigor, and health.

There is one thing in this connection that is not generally done by city folk and yet that is a wonderful way of keeping strong and well — that is sleeping in the open air. In the olden times when man was out of doors practically all day he could stand being shut in during the night without its knocking him out. This was because he was at least half of his life out of doors. Here in the city we work in-doors.

Even the conveyances to and from our places of business are closed and poorly ventilated.

We need the outdoor air at night — out on the piazza or up on the roof; or at any rate, if neither of these places is available, in our bedroom with all the windows open wide. Just think, that gives you eight solid hours of outdoors, at least so far as your lungs and your blood are concerned. The eyes and ears can do without it if they have to.

"But," you say, "I tried that little thing and it nearly froze me to death. It is too darn cold." Not at all, you don't know the secret. Two things you must not use in the way of bed clothes — weight and wool. Weight tires, wool dries. To carry a weight of bedding through the night will spoil your rest. Wool is fine and warm when exercising and to avoid cold and clammy clothing when cooling off; but wool in a sleeping bag — and of course you need a sleeping bag to sleep in when you sleep out of doors — is not warming. It will merely act on your skin like a wick in a lamp — will soak up all its normal moisture. Then you will begin to feel cold and wonder why. A cotton flannel inner bag, a cotton padded puff or comforter made into a sleeping bag — for extreme weather two sleeping bags. That is all you need. Also, you should have a cotton flannel pillow covering — not linen, for linen gets awfully cold — and a flannel hood to cover your head and ears and tie under the chin on very cold nights.

One thing more, over your mattress place as much in the way of bedding as you can gather together, best of all a couple of rugs with sheets of newspaper underneath them. This will prevent the cold from striking up from below, which it is very apt to do on cold nights. If you have trouble with neck and shoulders getting out of the sleeping bag — and you will find this the case for a while until you learn how to arrange the sleeping bag around your neck — wear a sweater or flannel shirt or waist.

Always undress : never go to sleep with your clothes on. If you do, you will not rest. The body and skin will not breathe and regain vigor during the night. Moreover, you will be cold. Why ? Well, which is the warmer on a cold day, a pair of gloves or a pair of mittens ? The mittens, of course, because they do not separate the fingers and force each to furnish its own warmth. Instead the fingers help warm each other. The same is true of your arms and legs at night.

THE *early morning, especially in our spring time — although each season of the year has its own peculiar charm — how many of us ever awake to it these days? Take yourself as an instance. How long has it been since you have seen a sunrise? We will wager it has been a precious long time. Yet there is nothing of nature quite so impressing, quite so imposing, as this change from night into day. Moreover, few moments of the twenty-four hours contain more life and vitality for the physical body than this time of sunrise when all nature is awakening in its morning bath of dew — fresh and invigorated.*

HOLIDAYS

CHRISTMAS carries each year to us all the one true secret of happiness — on this earth and elsewhere. To be sure it is a secret that we promptly forget. Yet each year the lesson comes with the Christmas season and each year the world as a whole is the better for it. All the real lasting happiness we get out of our existence in this world centers in what we do for others. This is the Christmas lesson, the secret of happiness. Our pleasure at Christmas time is not in what we receive, but in what we give. This exchange of gifts and well wishes, this feeling of friendship, this atmosphere of trust and confidence, this planning to make some one else happy by giving or doing, is what makes Christmas the happiest season of the year. All yield to it. All are the happier for it. Yet how few learn the Christmas lesson — how very few carry it over into the New Year — how soon we all slip back into our daily rut of selfishness and distrust, of greed and intolerance.

The best of Christmas wishes, after all, is that we may each keep alive this Christmas spirit of doing for others — this secret of all happiness — down through the New Year to the next Christmas day. To us the New Year has always seemed rather a tail to the Christmas kite — merely a time when we

promise ourselves to carry over into the New Year (for as long as our will power holds out) something of the Christmas spirit.

Yet after all there is one feature of New Year peculiar to itself. It marks a dividing point between the old and the new, a time for forgetting and forgiving the past and for planning and bettering the future — a day of hope and expectancy by which our outlook upon life is freshened and revived.

So long as a man has hope, so long as he faces the future with courage and interest, there will be always something for him to do and to become. Only when these fail does he cease in fact to live.

New Year — bringing as it does this vital spark of hope, this determination to make of the future something bright and successful — carries its own particular message of help and inspiration. To turn over a new page in life's diary is always worth while. May the new page be this year for us all,— a page we shall take pride in looking back upon.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS *have been the means of bringing happiness to many. There are worse ways of putting aside a bit now and then during the year against the time when sundry stockings, small and large, hang around the fireplace just begging to be filled.*

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

HOW many times we see the hard work of years ruined by a momentary slip, or by a bit of carelessness.

There is no more expensive luxury than these slips. They undo long hours of steady, successful application. Careers are blasted, fine records of constructive achievement brought to naught, all by a moment's relaxation, a bit of slipshod lack of attention.

What is the remedy? How can we protect ourselves against just this? Well, one simple recipe, given by one whose name we forget and whom we but indifferently translate, reads something after this fashion, "*Enjoy what you do.*"

The thought is clear. What we enjoy we do well. What we are interested in we do carefully. What we do carefully we will not slur over or slip at.

Of course the question at once comes up, "How can we be sure of enjoying what we do. What if we do not enjoy what we are compelled to work at?" Well, this gets us back to fundamentals. Enjoyment is a state of mind. Therefore we enjoy what we think we enjoy. Our mind does our thinking for us. It is the thinking part of us. It is really wonderful what we can fool, or bully, or tempt our mind into thinking. Our mind is our servant — or we are its slave.

If we handle our mind as we would a spirited, intelligent horse it is surprising how obedient it will prove, how many stiff jumps we can put it to and how many it will carry clean and without check.

We can train the mind to enjoy almost anything if we only go at it in the right way. We do not like what we are at work on. We are dissatisfied. Good idea. Let us all be as dissatisfied as we can, in the right way. Let us keep all our aims and ideals as bright and polished as the tools we use in our daily work. But above all let us teach ourselves to enjoy the road we travel in attaining these aims of ours if only because it is the road to our ideals. Look at it something as a competitor views the steeplechase or cross country run. The jumps, the fences, the ditches, the obstacles, what are they? Just good fun. Why? Because they are on the road to the finish line, part of the test — part of the big game.

The same holds true in the work of life. There is the variety, the ups and the downs — and we can teach ourselves to enjoy all of it (whether it be a lesson, a test, or a reward) if we only learn to handle this mind of ours as the Power that places us here on earth plainly intends we shall.

We are in essence spirit. Mind and body are intended to be servants of this spirit which each of us is. Granting this, it is only a question of who is to be boss. And remember, what we can not *enjoy*, as a last resort we can *forget*.

THIS *is a world of opposites. The pendulum of life swings back and forth between extremes — joy and sorrow — pleasure and pain — anticipation and disappointment. And the same law of the pendulum that governs in matters mechanical seems likewise to carry over into flesh and spirit. Each swing of the pendulum has its consequent back swing. The greater the initial impulse, the greater the swing back,— the greater the anticipation, the greater the disappointment — the greater the elation, the greater the consequent depression — the greater the love, the greater the loss. And so some schools of philosophy teach a life entirely controlled, a placid existence in which the pendulum shall swing little if at all — a travelling through this existence "in medias res." But is it not true that he who lives such a life gets little from it? Who would not seek the heights despite what lies beyond? Is it not better to have had the splendor of the noontide, the majesty of the night, rather than to remain ever in the placid twilight?*

THE BRIDLE PATH

IN these days of canned exercise and up-to-date efficiency methods it comes with a pleasant surprise to see every now and then some thing of the past, some old form of sport or exercise, pop above the surface and take its place again in the scheme of things. And this is just what is happening to old friend horse.

Perhaps it is the great increase of automobiles; perhaps it is the growing tensity of business conditions in our great cities — the lessened opportunity for bodily exercise and the consequent physical ills which come to plague our busy men of business. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the horse is coming into its own again — not as a beast of burden, not as a drawer of loads, but as a sport; as a means of prolonging life and keeping us in physical and mental shape to meet successfully the pressure of the daily business routine.

The doctors probably have had a lot to do with this. Ask the practicing physician about horseback riding as an exercise, and one and all they reply, "None better. Few as good."

You see, you can ride a horse when you are six years old, or sixty. Once the collar of modern business settles upon your shoulders, once the freedom and

play of school and college are passed, what is there so absorbing, so enjoyable, and at the same time so beneficial in the way of physical exercise as to chum along a bridle path with a spirited horse? He is enjoying it as much as you. He reads your mind, anticipates your every wish (if you give him a chance by proper seat and hands) — and he is proving to you daily that old adage of the family physician, that "the outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man."

Go out on any of our Boston bridle paths. See the tired business man start out, glum, peevish, half tempted, as many of them confess, "to throw it up and cut for home." Then see him half an hour later (if you recognize in him the same man), revitalized, jolly, cantering along with that dull, tired look gone from his eyes. Then take off your hat to the physician who first prescribed "the outside of a horse for the inside of man."

The last few years there has been a great revival of horseback riding throughout the United States. In the big cities of the West and middle West it reigns supreme. Here in the East it has been of slower growth, but here it has arrived, and with a bang.

And in none of our cities are the opportunities for horseback riding better than right here in the city of Boston. South, north, west of the city stretch many delightful bridle paths with sound footing, beautiful scenery, and the stable never too far away. More-

over, around the city in the suburbs are located other riding schools, hunt clubs, and the fields and lanes for those who like cross-country riding.

There is nothing prettier on autumn days than to watch the steady stream of riders passing through the Fens. Children with the ever-watchful instructor at their bridle rein, girls, boys, middle-aged men and women — old men, cavalry and artillery from the Commonwealth Armory, with the mounted military police on patrol to see that there is no wild riding, no risking of life and limb.

In these days of railroad and automobile, who would expect such a sight? It only goes to prove that folks are beginning more and more to think of their health, and to realize that no price is too high to pay for bodily well-being — for a hale and hearty old age.

THE *best rest for body and nerves — sleep; for brain — variety. The brain never sleeps — one portion or another is always working. Vary your use of its different compartments — shut the door of one and open the door of another. This is the way to rest the brain.*

ALERTNESS

THERE is nothing harder than to concentrate on work that consists of doing the same thing over and over again in continuous succession. Scientists tell us we have two minds, the *conscious* mind, the mind that is our intelligence, over which our will operates — and the so-called *sub-conscious* mind, the mind that is our automatic engine, that controls and directs all we do unwittingly, our heart beats, our breathing, our eyelids, our sleep. You might almost call that latter the "habit" mind. Few realize how potent it is in its control of our physical and mental health and well-being. Still this sub-conscious has one distinct limitation. It never anticipates nor provides against the unexpected, the emergency. It is more like a clock. You wind it up — (in other words you acquire a habit) and it then goes on calmly functioning, steadily ticking away, for good or ill, until it runs down or is directed into a new mechanical route. It behooves us all to see that this sub-conscious mind of ours is working in the right way and on the right things.

But our daily work is not a thing to turn over to this sub-conscious mind. All of us do so a part of the time despite our best efforts — but far too many of us do so all the time — and in this latter course lies sure failure.

If we permit ourselves to undertake our daily task as automatons, practically without conscious thought, we head nowhere. We neither grow to do better and bigger things — nor even to do better the things we are now charged with.

Keep consciously and keenly alert on what you are doing and relax when you are finished, otherwise your conscious mind, your active, willing, creative mentality will slowly but surely grow less and less until you — no, not you, for you will never realize it — your friends and associates, will say, speaking down from their brief eminence of surviving mentality, "Who, Jack? Yes, I know, but then he is practically dead from his neck up."

NOTHING *develops a person like responsibility. When there is an individual sense of responsibility, there will be individual initiative — and where this exists, whether in a ball team or a business corporation, under proper coaching and coördination there is a championship in sight.*

CONSTRUCTIVE THINKING

SPEND a certain amount of your "thinking" time in "constructive thinking." There is no better way to avoid the ruts of thought and action that we all otherwise dig for ourselves. How easy it is to get in a rut — how hard to get out. Habit does it. Left to itself, habit will take care with glee of every waking moment, — yes, and every sleeping moment of our individual lives. A great little tyrant is "Habit," but withal most tractable. It rests with each of us whether "habit" is to be *master* or *servant*. One way to make him a servant is to give him new ideas to adopt and work out. Hence, "constructive thinking." Never be self satisfied. Be discontented, or rather be unsatisfied with the way you do things. Invent new and better ways of doing your daily task. Spend a few minutes each day thinking how you can do what you have in hand to do better, more efficiently, more effectively. This is "constructive thinking." Pick out the mistakes. Look them over, learn the lesson of each — and then dismiss them. Next, turn to the things that went well. It is pleasant to think over these. But think them over not from this viewpoint — that way lies self-satisfaction — that way lies the road of ruts. Think them over with the determination to find something in them that can

be changed for the better. There is nothing in this life which cannot be bettered. Even nature can be improved upon, but here the improvement lies, not in the material, but in the method of use. Study your methods of using what material nature gives you to use. You will not improve the material, but you have limitless opportunity of improving your methods of using this material. This is the field in which mankind creates, by learning how better to obey and use the laws and powers of Mother Nature.

THE *real test of the executive is not merely the ability to use others, but the ability to make others more useful. An able executive makes things grow,— develops in others greater efforts and greater achievements.*

VACATIONING

IT IS rather interesting to consider briefly just what a vacation is — what its ingredients — what its essentials.

Has time (calendar time) anything really to do with a vacation? Must it be at any fixed time of the year — is it necessary to go to a certain kind of place or in a certain specified manner?

Ask any one what he considers necessary for a vacation and he will answer, "a rest, a change," meaning a rest from business duties, from his treadmill of work, a change of surroundings, of sights, and of routine.

At first glance this seems basic enough, but is it really so? Man from the cradle to the grave is a creature of habit — to be sure his surroundings affect and form these habits just as his food and exercise affect and form his physical body — but after all what really controls him and what stunts or develops, lengthens or shortens his life on this planet are the habits that he adopts and lives under and becomes controlled by. Habit governs practically all human activity, mental, physical, and spiritual.

This is true about habit. It is something that we are individually responsible for so far as concerns our own life. We ourselves in the last analysis do the adopting — the forming. It is not what others do or

what we see and have, but what of these things about us we accept and become subject to. This being so — and granting that for a vacation a change is necessary — is it not true that the change should be a change of habit? If a man changes his habits he gets the relaxation that we call "vacation."

No man can do nothing — at no period of your life will you be able to do nothing. Whether sleeping or awake, portions of your being, spiritual, physical, or mental, are steadily following the habits you have made your own by adoption. It follows that all any one can do is to make a change of habit — habit of thought, of action, of food, of sleep. Change of scene, of surroundings, of society is merely a means to an end. The real essential is that there be a change of habit.

If you tackle the problem from this standpoint, you will be astonished to see what a vacation you can have without following the rest of the sheep to a summer resort. Change your habits of work, of thought, of music, of food, of exercise. You will be surprised to see how little outside help in the way of society and amusement you actually need to effect this, and once you have done it, Winter or Summer, Spring or Fall, it will bring you a vacation with all the benefit of rest and relaxation.

It is really wonderful how far down the line you can carry this change of habits. For instance: if you have been working and thinking of yourself, try

thinking of others for a time. If you are a meat eater by habit, cut it out for a space and try vegetables. If you live in a big city, go out into the suburbs. If you have the movie habit, try a ball game. Change your habits one way or another and see for yourself if you do not gain a rest and the relaxation that a vacation must bring to be of any value.

The average man starts in preparing for his vacation on the basis that he is to get away from his business and spend his time lazily with just a little recreation here and there. If you ask him where he is going, he will say that he is going "anywhere, anywhere just to get a rest." If left to himself, he stocks up with a load of tobacco, takes his clubs, racquet, and fishing tackle, and departs to some club or hotel where there is golf, tennis, and perhaps a thoroughly fished out brook or pond. There he goes out daily under the broiling sun, morning and afternoon, fussing and fuming when off his game, exulting when things break for him, and spends his evenings smoking his head off and lying about his score. Or else he becomes a devotee of "roughing it" — what he is pleased to call "life in the wild," tramping, mountain climbing, and the like — and forgets completely that it takes time and training to fit the average city man for this strenuous physical extreme. In either event he comes back from the vacation proudly wearing what some one has described as a "haggard coat of tan," all tired out and ready for a good rest.

A woman's idea of a vacation, while slightly different in detail, approximates the same in result. She also talks about the delights of going away from all noise, confusion, and social duties into a nice quiet camp where one can wear old clothes and enjoy the simple life first hand. The chances are five to one you will find her at a beach resort or some swell mountain hotel spending her savings at an alarming rate and her entire time rushing around from one function to another. Back she also comes, tired out and ill prepared to resume her business duties.

When there is a whole family to consider, the result is wild and glorious. Mother and sister pull for a seashore or mountain resort, and generally have their way about it, father as a general proposition tagging along and taking his medicine like a little man. Brother either goes to some boys' camp where he has a good wholesome masculine time of it, or is lugged along with the family to seaside or country, there to come under the inevitable summer hotel atmosphere with its inevitable consequence so far as he is concerned. Constant activity is the word. Mother and the girls dress and tennis, dress and tramp, dress and golf, dress and swim (not as incongruous as it sounds), dress and dance, dress and gossip, while father ploughs around after them, or else joins the golf and piazza clubs of "he" smokers and wonders during his calmer moments whether he will be able to pay the bill and yet get in the winter coal.

Or perhaps an auto tour is decided upon with its merry round of inn and hotel hold-ups, punctures, detours, and belated arrivals. If father does the driving — which he certainly does unless he is a pretty wealthy man — he comes back at the end of a couple of weeks, under our present congested state of the highways, as near a physical and mental wreck as possible.

We are calling attention to this vacation question not merely to fill space, but because we think that it is worth while to take the subject to heart sooner or later and to decide whether or not there is not some better use of the vacation period than the method in general vogue. There certainly should be some way of getting pleasure and profit out of this period far beyond what most of us do get.

After all, does it really matter so much where we go or what we do? Is it really necessary, in order to have a good time, to strain constitution and pocket-book by a dart into one of the typical American summer resorts? Is not the main thing after all the state of mind? To be sure a change of scene, a change of food, a change of air, are all to be desired; but cannot these be attained without paying such a price in tired nerves and muscles? It may seem heresy to say so, but there is something to be claimed for those few thoughtful souls who from choice spend their summer vacation in the city — browsing around the suburbs and roof gardens, taking in the ball games, sailing

around the harbor, and coming back each night in the cool of the evening to their own home and a comfortable bed.

With children, of course, the problem is a different one, but we are now talking of "grown ups." At least, it seems a shame to make the vacation a pure and simple test of endurance, as so many are doing these days.

Our *recreation benefits us when — and only when — we are absorbed, are interested, in what we are doing. This is what makes it recreation — what makes it good for us. If the game of tennis is a grind, it will quickly wear us down; if it is fun, it will not. The same is true of the so-called "rest cures." If you imagine yourself as being benefited, they do you a world of good; if you are dubious, if you fret and worry, they do you a world of harm.*

The viewpoint is all-controlling. When we enjoy whatever we are doing, whether it be digging a ditch, striking a balance, riding a horse, selling goods, watching a ball game, paddling a canoe — two things result. We do whatever we are engaged in better and with infinitely more efficiency — and, in the doing, we grow stronger and healthier mentally and physically. On the other hand, if we are not interested in what we are doing, if it is a bore or nuisance, if we allow ourselves to fret and worry about it — then our efficiency becomes at once impaired, what we are doing is not as well done, and the effect on both our mind and body is harmful.

EATING AND DRINKING

THE greatest mind in the world is not much good when its owner is sick. Just where the interrelation between mind and body commences and ends is a question. What is the cause and what the result of man's physical and mental condition is a subject that learned minds have long quarreled over. Without taking either extreme of the argument, the moderate view can be summed up in the statement that a body to be healthy needs a healthy mind and that a mind to be healthy needs a healthy body — in other words that each to a certain degree dominates the other. The metaphysician will tell you that the mind dominates all; the materialist will tell you on the other hand that the body dominates all. The one says that there can be no physical pain or distress that the mind does not permit or create by its acts or omissions, and the other will say that no mind can be healthy on an empty stomach, in other words that the physical controls the mental absolutely.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to say which of these views is correct. What we do wish to emphasize is that a great majority of men and women engaged in business in the big city shamefully abuse their poor old stomachs so far as the noonday meal is concerned and thereby injure their health,

impair their efficiency, and diminish in a great many ways their pleasure in life. To go from the morning meal in a crowded car to the store or office for an immediate plunge into a desk or counter routine is all very well; the body and brain are able to handle this normally and without much trouble. But about noontime the aforesaid body and brain begin to look around for a little change of scene and employment, for a little nourishment, for a bit of sunshine and outside air. And what do most people give in answer to these requests of two of the most important members of mortal existence!

They jam on a hat and rush around the corner to some lunch counter where, to the hum of an electric fan and the din of dish service and high-pitched conversation, they wolf down a combination of food which is an insult to the ordinary normal stomach, gulp a cup of coffee, and tear back either to their office or to fill some noonday appointment in the way of an errand or hurried shopping — not a moment of relaxation, not a moment when their body can take a full breath and turn its attention towards getting some slight good out of the food given it. Then they wonder why they are tired, why their stomach goes back on them, why they seem to have no pep, why they age rapidly, why they don't seem to get results in their work!

Try instituting a luncheon reform. In the first place, go to lunch at exactly the same time every day.

In the second place, go each day in exactly the same frame of mind, that is, in a frame of mind that is free from business and social worries, with the body relaxed and with the mind turned in anticipation towards the comfort and fun of having some simple, good food to eat. If you have a chum who will join with you in making the lunch hour a quiet one, he or she will be the greatest possible help; but it is far better to go alone than to go with a friend who talks your head off, whose subjects of conversation are nerve-racking or exciting, and whose ideas of what is eatable in the culinary line are of the modern, bizarre type.

Then after you have eaten your luncheon, take ten or fifteen minutes (better twenty or thirty) in calmly and quietly starting the aforesaid luncheon along the first process of digestion. Walk around the block slowly, closing your eyes and ears as much as possible to the bustle and confusion, looking rather to the clean and interesting, clearing your mind from work and worry. Do these simple things and you will have the satisfaction of seeing your work improve, your spirits brighten, and your days of health, wealth, and prosperity on this planet lengthen.

We don't drink enough water. Not one in a hundred — yes, in a thousand — drinks enough water. When you stop to think that our bodies are nine tenths water — that each day three or four pounds

of each of us evaporates, goes up in smoke so to speak — it becomes plainly evident how important it is to drink plenty of good, pure water.

Take your own case. Make your own diagnosis. Be your own doctor. Keep a record for a day or so of just how much water you actually drink. Call it two glasses to the pint and then figure it out. You will be astonished and, if you stop to realize how important it is, rather startled and alarmed — and you should be.

No small part of the ills that affect middle-aged humanity at the present day is due to two things — lack of water drinking and lack of physical exercise. There are at least two things every man and every woman should do each twenty-four hours — drink at least four quarts of good water and exercise at least once during the period into a free perspiration. Nothing will yield bigger dividends in the way of bodily health.

We should *so arrange that we exercise as regularly as we eat and sleep. If we do not, we alone pay the price in a dull, enfeebled middle age and a shortened life. Are you getting your share of the proper kind of exercise? The range of choice is very broad, preferably something you like to do, something that absorbs mentally at the same time that it exercises physically. But at any rate* — something.

LOYALTY

JUST what is loyalty, that controlling factor in so much of human life and action? What is it in essence? What is it based on?

Loyalty is not, as many are apt to think, an unquestioning submission to the will and leadership of another — not a blind devotion to such person's aims and principles. No, loyalty in its real essence, in its noblest sense, is far different — founded not on unquestioning faith, but rather on an unfaltering affection, a love, a charity, a kindliness, that nothing weakens and nothing causes to swerve or falter. The object of the loyalty may be and often is unappreciative and undeserving; often a believer in and follower of wrong theories and false ideals; and yet the wholehearted support of his loyal adherent remains firm and unweakened.

Loyalty to an individual is entirely different from devotion to an ideal. Loyalty always carries with it an earnest, unswerving, steadfast support of the individual — not necessarily because of a belief in that individual's doings, sayings, aims, and achievements — often in spite of them. It represents a fixed affection for the personality of the person who is the object of the loyalty, irrespective of his ideals.

There is something very appealing in this unsel-

fish, unalterable affection of which history affords so many examples — this loyalty that centers solely in a constant desire to help, to support and to defend — not for personal gain, but merely for the good, the happiness, the success, and progress of another.

Nothing can succeed without organization, without discipline, without some one to give orders wisely and some one to obey orders faithfully and willingly. There are two parts to every enterprise — the administrative, and the executive.

Everywhere, whether in government or in business, there must be orders and obedience to orders. Else there is anarchy and ruin. The only difference between a Democracy and a Tyranny is that in the Democracy the *ruled* choose their *rulers*. Always some one is ruling and some one being ruled. Every loyal citizen of a Democracy welcomes the opportunity to obey the authority of those whom he and the majority of his fellow citizens have chosen for that purpose. Without this there can be no law and order — and without law and order a government cannot exist.

So in business there must be both the giver of orders, the maker of rules and regulations — and also a loyal obedience, an enthusiastic carrying out of these orders. Without this combination no business can endure.

To be sure, in business the choice of command does not so directly rest with the majority. Yet there

in the long run as in everything else ability counts. Few rise to positions of business command who have not earned the confidence and support of their fellow workers. How is this confidence earned? Well, there is at least one requisite that all must possess who go far along the road of executive preferment. Each must know how to take an order. No man is fit to give an order who cannot take one and take it "on the jump" as the saying is. Until a man can receive and carry out orders carefully, attentively, loyally — yes, eagerly — he is not himself qualified to give orders.

DON'T *try to* beat *out some one else — try to* help *him out.*

FINANCIAL SIGN POSTS

MONEY has its fixed price. There is never any doubt or uncertainty about it. The spread of interest returns on safe conservative loans and investments is very small. When the investor (who after all is nothing more than a lender) looks for more than his four, five or six per cent return, he is no longer selling the use of his money, but he is charging extra interest against a possible loss of principal. He may not realize this, but he is doing just that. He cannot expect to receive more than the going rate of return unless he gives something in return and what he does give is an increased chance of ultimate loss of principal. Why people will go along for years scrimping and saving, keeping, and then turn around and blow that hard gained nest egg into some purely speculative real estate or stock venture is a constant problem in psychology.

Let us if we can, avoid doing this. If we wish to spend our savings, let us do so with our eyes open to the fact that it is an expenditure and let us get something to show for it. Let us not disregard the plain sign posts along the travelled road of business.

The woods are always full of schemes designed to make money earn money, and the by-ways are full of people who have lost money in an attempt to make it earn more money.

We hear a lot about those who succeed in this attempt to make money earn money — and we hear too little of the multitude who fail. Disregarding the successful few who after all are only exceptions to prove the rule, one thing stands out prominently in this continuous struggle, and that is the value of the shoemaker "sticking to his last." The leather man should stick to his leather, the wool man to his wool, the banker to his banking, when it comes to business speculation — to the investment of savings or surplus earnings for larger returns. There are, of course, sound, thoroughly safe forms of investment that cause no worry on the part of the investor and in which his savings can be placed, forgotten, and allowed to compound, while he is striving to earn more to add to it.

There are the Liberty Bonds, the first-class mortgage loans, the savings deposits, the gilt-edged broad market mortgage bonds. Savings need never lie idle. Where the risk arises, where the loss threatens, is when we seek to make our savings earn a return greater than the normal rate of interest paid at the time by those soundest of borrowers, the government, the state, the city, the banks, the established public service, manufacturing, and industrial corporations.

There are always men eagerly striving to induce us to go into partnership with them — we to furnish the money and they the brains. Many an unhappy, impoverished old age, many a ruined life, would be

saved if we made it a fixed rule to stick to our last — or to be satisfied to see our hard-earned savings bring in a fair interest return — and turned a deaf ear to those who promise big monetary returns in enterprises of which we are in no position by training or experience to judge the hazard. What does the average man know about oil, about metals, about real estate? One thing we may be certain of — what promises big profits always contains big risks. It is always a gamble when we go into such schemes, and if we decide to gamble, we should at least risk only what we are prepared to lose.

THIS *is the age of the Dollar, if there ever was one. What man seeks is power over his fellows. This he has always sought and this it seems fair to believe he always will seek on this earth. Call it what you will; possession, renown, or fame, it all grounds in this — an ambition to boss, to control, to lead, to be obeyed.*

Through the centuries the means and methods adopted to gain this position of superiority have varied from time to time — never the motive. And the motive is with us today — excepting only that where in the past physical force always has been the most effective means of attaining this; now, amongst what we call our more civilized nations, the almighty Dollar rules supreme as a means to this end. The Dollar, and the Power and Influence that its possession brings, is the present tool at hand for the attainment of this supreme ambition of mankind.

SPORT

THERE are two insidious "borers" continually gnawing away at our amateur athletics. One of them is the "money-making bug" and the other the "spectacle bug." Both bugs are of the same family. The first is easily recognizable. He is entirely at home in all professional athletics. As far as that goes, so is the other borer. You make a *spectacle* out of athletic contests as a general rule to make *money*, and the professional manager and athlete are both striving first, last, and always to stage a spectacle that people will pay money to see.

But professional athletics are not the subjects that we have in mind in the present discussion. It is on the *amateur* athletic field that the youth of a nation grows and develops, and it is of extreme importance that the growth be mental and moral as well as physical. Furthermore, it is important that the influence of amateur athletics be as widespread as possible, so that all the nation's youth may participate in them. The element of money-making and the making of amateur sport a spectacle rather than a means of bringing about a general joining in the games takes away a great part of the benefit that athletics can, when properly fostered, bring to the nation as a whole.

To have a few play and a great many look on is a bad thing — bad for those who are playing and doubly bad for those who are looking on.

Far better are the mass gymnastics and setting-up drills of the European nations, where ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand people at one and the same time engage in coördinated physical exercises, rather than that towards which we are rapidly tending in this country — a few crack athletes, trained to the last possible degree of condition and skill, and whipped up to the highest pitch of human endeavor, and staging a public spectacle of athletic competition to which a high price of admission is charged and which is attended by thousands who themselves take no exercise other than the physical labor of egging on by their shouts and cheers the contestants to greater effort.

Amateur sport should not be permitted to become a money-making enterprise. Neither should it be permitted to become a public spectacle. Either of these two elements spoils it. What amateur athletics should encourage is as widespread participation as possible in good clean sports and games. The more who engage in the games the better. Moreover, each participant should learn by precept and example that the first thing is to play the game for the game's sake, and to play it clean — to play to win, of course, but always subject to the first two requirements; and that to play any game solely to win — in other words to make the *result* the object — is a fatal mistake.

Amateur athletics are becoming badly commercialized — right down through the college into the preparatory schools. Unless you stop to look over our amateur athletics as they are at present, you do not realize for a moment to what lengths this commercializing has gone. Take any of our colleges throughout the country and see what their balance sheets show as to the receipts from their football and baseball contests with other colleges. Then go to any of these college games, see the crowd that attends, appreciate what they are thinking about, see how the contestants are keyed up to the highest pitch in an effort to win and justify themselves in the eyes of their supporters. Then stop a minute and realize how very few of the college students actually participate in these games, and how very few of those who go to see the games ever themselves do anything else in an athletic way, and you will get a pretty clear insight into the unfortunate trend that our athletic sports have been taking the last twenty years.

It has come to the point where colleges are not content to confine their contests to their own state or section. Instead, they stage dramatic, ticket-selling contests with colleges from distant parts, and these are all carefully and enthusiastically featured and written up in the papers until the competitive and spectacular is brought so strongly to the front that the game itself becomes far more like going to watch paid performers than what it should be — a good

clean afternoon of sport between young men who want to win, who try to win by every honorable means, but who are thinking first of all of the fun of the game and of their reputation as gentlemen and thoroughbreds.

Cut out all public sale of tickets to games; admit to these contests only the students and the college and school graduates and families; restrict the competition to games among little circles of schools and colleges located near each other, and extend in every way the type and number of contests so that class teams, junior teams, and the like are all brought into intercollegiate competition and as many students as possible who are sound of body get a chance to compete on some team or other. Amateur sport should be our greatest factor in producing a nation of well men, of square and fair men, who appraise their athletics at their proper worth and carry into civic life the lessons learned on track and field and water. It should be indulged in and continued along proper lines through middle and even into what we now call old age, always as a sport, always as a training and conditioning of body and mind. We should never permit it to become commercialized to the point where the few are exploited to make a spectacle for the many and where the games become a source of financial revenue rather than a school of sport and exercise.

Successful *training has but one aim — to coördinate individual effort. Whether in football or business (and of the two, business can be made by far the greater and more absorbing game) the course of training aims at bettering the individual effort, and coördinating this effort with the individual efforts of the rest of the team members. And there can never be coördination of effort without friendship. If you do not know your team mate there can be no team play. And without team play nothing worth while can be accomplished. In football it is the interference that makes the long run possible. In business it is the faithful, loyal, enthusiastic attention to detail that makes for business growth and prosperity.*

DANCING

THE modern social dance is of distinctly recent growth. It is as yet in an embryonic state. Eventually it will yield to one or the other of the two forces that have molded and controlled all dancing from Adam's time, *first* the effect on the *dancer* and *second* the effect on the *audience*. As a general thing the more civilized the nation the more important in its dancing becomes the second of these factors and the less important the first. Among primitive nations the dance served mainly to arouse and work upon the feelings and passions of those dancing, while among the more civilized nations the opinion of the onlooker became more influential and the emotions of the dancer more controlled. For example, contrast the war dance of our American Indian with the Court Minuet of the 16th and 17th century and you have well exemplified the two extremes. Take also the nature dance, the folk dance, the æsthetic dance. All these are designedly picturesque – appeal to the taste and respond to the criticism of the audience.

When the modern round dance came into being, it at first partook largely of that quality of picturesqueness, poise, and dignity that had existed in such marked degree in the square dances that immediately preceded it – the quadrille, the minuet, and the

lancers. But there was even then cropping up a desire on the part of the dancer to express his or her individual exuberance of feeling, which while it had not developed into anything grotesque or eccentric, was seeking outlet. In other words, the two schools of dancing were coming together; the primitive school of individual expression and the polished cadences of the school of artistic dancing — and each was exerting an influence upon the modern dance. For a time the artistic held sway, and the emotional was kept strictly subordinated.

All beautiful dancing is based on a three-four rhythm, in which rhythm the dancers of necessity complete a poem of steps first with one foot leading, then the other. The best example of this is the waltz step, which in some form or other is the basis of all artistic dancing.

But this type of dance takes time and training to acquire. Our modern civilization was much too hurried and hectic in its pleasures — as well as in its work — to afford the money and time necessary to learn such dancing. What people wanted, without really knowing it, was something they could take up at a moment's notice and, after an hour or two of instruction, dance without the uncomfortable feeling that they were appearing clumsy or ill trained.

So when Vernon Castle introduced his Castle Walk, it achieved instant popularity. It was nothing but a march. Any one could learn it. It furnished a dance

that the multitude could take up at a moment's notice and get away with. To make it even simpler and more tempting for the man, the girl did the back stepping and the man did nothing but march forward with a two step turn now and then. Before this it had been considered the height of ill breeding for a man to cause his partner to go backwards while dancing. That was for him to learn to do — and it is a hard thing to do "gracefully."

From the Castle Walk came all the developments of the modern dance — down to the fox trot of the present day. The whole is, in truth, founded on the Cake Walk of our Southern negro. Naturally, it has been slow to become a thing of beauty. Opinions to the contrary, it is an extremely difficult thing to dance a good Cake Walk. It takes time and training to coordinate the different parts of the body so that as a picture they make an attractive whole. The foot movements are the least important. The hold, the posture of the body, the position of the arms, head, and chin — are far more in the picture. If people realized this fact at the present day, there would be fewer absurd looking couples on the floor.

In the old days — and in all solo dancing of the present day — the absolute essential in a school of dancing was a set of mirrors so that the dancer could see how he or she looked at every stage of the dance. Our crowded dance halls do not permit this. Moreover, it would discourage many dancers if they

chanced to see themselves in a mirror while dancing. Failing the mirrors, the first thing the dancer turns to in his struggle to appear well is the other dancers. Dancing is nothing if not imitative. You see a couple on the floor of whose appearance you approve and you immediately try to copy their style, hold, and step. But there are no mirrors to show you how you look, no critic to call attention to where you fail, and as a result your appearance is far more apt to be a caricature than an imitation.

It is *not the attention we attract that is the measure of our achievement. The ridiculous receives much prompter attention than the sensible. It is a far easier thing to attract attention than to earn respect.*

HABIT

THIS life is nothing but a series of habits. Our entire time is spent making or breaking these habits. Most of our acts and thoughts are involuntary and as such are caused by some habit which we have wished on ourselves in the past and now endure for good or bad as the case may be.

A certain percentage learn to control fairly well their actions, but the number of people on this earth who are able in any degree to control their thoughts is very, very small. Yet if we give the matter a little study we see at once that it is thought that is at the basis of everything. We think before we act always. Perhaps this thought is a "habit-thought"— is an act of the mind of which we are not conscious — but you may be sure that there *was* a thought, conscious or unconscious, before the act. There are habits of thought just as there are habits of action, in fact the habits of action depend upon them.

Those who are training their thoughts into good habits are preparing for a happy future. After all, life in this world is largely a state of mind. No one can be unhappy who thinks himself happy — no one is unfortunate who believes that he is lucky. At least, this is true from the individual standpoint of the one who is doing the thinking. What others think about

our condition, wealth, health and happiness, has little effect unless we adopt it as our own point of view.

We are all creatures of habit, habit of thought, habit of action. Hardly any of us realize, unless we have given the matter special study, how quickly a habit can be formed. The late Professor James of Harvard wrote a most interesting book on this subject. If one is at all interested in seeing how life is controlled by habit, he should read this book.

By far the greatest known aid in the development of strong, wholesome, helpful habits is a sound purpose in life, a high standard of endeavor.

Consider for a moment the daily atmosphere in which the average man works. His associates divide themselves, for the most part, into one of two classes: one, industriously trying by hook or crook to pull down and climb over their fellows; the other happily engaged in exercising some brief authority, some passing opportunity to bully and lord it over others who happen for the time to be so situated as to be unable to hit back.

How few men in the business world are interested in their work from a pure love of achievement, how few take pleasure in extending a helping hand to their fellow workers, how few have broadened to the point where what they *have* and what they *are* in position or prominence is secondary, and what they *accomplish*, the main thing.

Yet nothing makes a man happier or more suc-

cessful than to be within reason forgetful of self in his dealings with his business associates and fellow workers. The one thing that stands out as the characteristic of all really big men has always been a democracy of feeling, a forgetfulness of individual position and attainments, a respect for the opinion of others, a ready willingness to give of their ability in helping all who come within reach.

What friends and business acquaintances do you admire and respect the most? If you are honest in your analysis, you will see that the two characteristics you admire most in them are — first, a reluctance to hinder any other man in his work and progress; and, second, a strong distaste for any needless display of authority over others, of power merely because it is power.

If you want to be thoroughly happy and content, if you want to grow in your work and opportunities — not because it means more power, but because it means more to do — get the habit of lending a helping hand to your co-workers. Think kindly of them, speak well of them or not at all, forget your own Ego and give of yourself whenever you think you can help a brother worker.

There is too much self-laudation and self-excuse, too constant an attempt to belittle a neighbor and to mangify one's own importance. Those who acquire such habits grow steadily smaller and smaller as the years pass, until at the last there is only a looking

backward through vistas of wasted opportunities and small accomplishments.

A man has only so much vitality, so much time to make use of in this existence. If he wastes time in thinking just how big a man he is, or in jealously begrudging the progress and attainments of his mates and in seeking to belittle their success, he is a most foolish and unhappy man. Don't get that habit. Rather get the habit of helping. If you really wish to feel worth while, gloat happily over something good you have done *for*, or something you have prevented being done *against*, some other man.

The chewing of gum impresses us as being somewhat like drinking ginger ale out of a beer mug. If one is really set on chewing, he should chew tobacco and be done with it. To us it has always seemed a bovine practice at best. Why any one is willing to increase his or her resemblance to the proverbial calf is beyond us.

You notice we say "her" as well as "his." Most of our human calves we regret to say (we are of the masculine persuasion ourselves) are of the male gender. Why the fair sex wishes to join that charmed circle has always been a mystery to us. Yet she seems to. On the slightest excuse she wears men's clothes. Give her a pair of riding breeches, or golf trousers, and she is happy. In our private opinion most of her cigarette smoking grounds in the belief that it is "manly."

A few years ago no one chewed gum, man or woman. Then men began taking snuff and later commenced to chew tobacco. Chewing was originally without question a "man's habit" and this is probably where the fair sex first got the idea.

Doctors tell us that chewing gum is sometimes good for the digestion — and sometimes bad. Dentists tell us that chewing gum is sometimes good for the teeth and gums — and sometimes bad. There you have it. Take your choice.

However, there is one class of specialist that expresses no such two-sided opinion on gum chewing. The arbiters of social etiquette as a unit state that gum chewing should never be indulged in in public.

At any rate it is a blamed homely habit. Moreover, it gets on the nerves. When any one chews and talks to us at one and the same time we quickly get to dislike him. And when a smart young thing sits opposite us in a public conveyance and chews — well, we simply cross her off our list, that's all.

Don't worry. Whatever else you do, *don't worry*. If there is one thing that drains the vitality, thins the hair, and impairs the usefulness, it is worry. This crossing bridges before we come to them never gets us anything — and it is tiring work. Mankind is beginning to realize that after all it is the mind that wears out the body, that the muscles can stand a tremendous amount of physical work without wearing out,

but that the physical body yields quickly and disastrously to mental strain. Some time not far distant the mind will be made the subject of a much more scientific and accurate analysis than at present. Its varying functions, its powerful influence on the physical portion of the human body, will be more clearly understood and appreciated.

The influence of mind on matter is tremendous. We are apt to get the cart before the horse — to say that one must have a healthy body to have a healthy mind. Rather should we realize that to have a sound body a healthy mind is absolutely essential.

We are creatures of habit from the cradle to the grave. What we do not fully realize is that we can form and control our own habits. Environment of course is important, — our associations, circles of acquaintance, the kind of work in which we engage,— but none of these control. We can acquire a habit of worrying just as easily as we can acquire a habit of getting up late in the morning, — and we can shake off either of these habits if we only set ourselves definitely to the task of doing so. No recipe for the breaking off of a bad habit is more valuable than the one advised by that eminent psychologist, the late Professor James. He insisted that nothing is harder for the human mind to do than to mentally deny itself anything — that by far the most efficacious method of eradicating a harmful thought or a bad habit is by substituting an affirmative "opposite" to take its

place — that, in other words, it is hard to stop worrying by saying "I will not worry," that it is far easier to stop worrying by transferring one's thoughts to subjects that are wholesome, pleasant, and satisfying, and substituting these latter for the "worry" ones.

His prescription is well worth trying. Most of our ills are suffered in anticipation — realization is never as acute — and in just the proportion that we do away with this weakening, futile worry, whether anticipatory or remorseful, whether before the dread event or in the utterly futile crying over the milk that has been spilled, in just that degree will we conserve our energies and direct them to happy and productive lines of work and achievement.

If we *could only save and profitably apply the time and energy we waste daily, how much more would be our accomplishment and how much greater our happiness! At best our life here is limited. The years run swiftly. Before we realize it we are passing on to other worlds, other duties, other rewards. A full realization of how woefully we waste our opportunities probably never comes to us on this earth. Some say that it will be our punishment elsewhere. However that may be, of this waste nothing is more thoroughly useless and unprofitable than fret and worry.*

The past should be our storehouse of warning and example, the future, our inspiration — but neither should furnish an excuse for fretting, fuming, and crying over what has passed — or what is to come. There is no surer way of weakening body and mind — nothing that wastes more greatly a man's strength, mental and physical. Don't fret; don't worry. Do your very best, keep always busy and always interested — and then accept the result with calmness and patience.

CLOTHES

IT IS said that nothing in this world is new — that one need only search the ages to find a duplication of everything we now experience.

There is a great deal to support this assertion. It is really astounding how a study of even those records that have come down to us reveals conditions in the centuries past identical with what to us now seems absolutely new and untried. So it is with considerable hesitancy that we venture to mention one factor of present life as being really unique in the world's history. It probably is not. We are entirely ready to learn that in the dim past the conditions we are referring to did in fact exist, but if they did, we can find no record of it as yet. We have reference to the dress and adornment of the male and the female.

In all nature, from time immemorial, among the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, it has always been the male that has been equipped to attract the female. Always the male wears the bright colors, the gaudy plumage, whereas the female is the modest, subdued, quietly apparelled one. And this in human history has likewise been true. Down through the middle ages the man was the one who dressed to attract the woman. He wore the bright colors, sought to attract his mate by his appearance as well as by his actions.

But now all is changed. Gone are the bright colors, the noble armor, the impressive robes of the male and the attractions of personal adornment. In turn they have been appropriated by the female. To-day the man is the being of colorless attire. It is the woman who now uses these external aids of attraction.

What has brought about this radical change? Why is it? What the cause? There you have us. We do not know. We can at least but guess. And your guess is as apt to be correct as any of ours.

Clothes are one of our real problems. We do not mean "becoming" clothes. This is a realm we fear to enter.

So far as the male goes he has but little latitude in this direction. His choice of wearing apparel so far as looks goes, is very small.

The old days of knee buckles and ruffs and frills and stocks are not with us. They may come back — we do not believe they will — but they *may*.

However, until they do we have a precious small selection to choose from in terms of hat, coat, trousers, shoes — all are practically prescribed.

To be sure there is some slight latitude in the matter of neckwear and of socks — also some changes from time to time in cut, padding, and seams.

What we glimpse of the male's artistic taste in these few directions where he still is at liberty to exercise it does not encourage us to look forward with

any pleasurable anticipation to a broadening of the same.

The sights forced upon our reluctant gaze are not conducive to a high respect for man's sense of the artistic in the matter of bodily attire. Merely a casual glimpse of a pair of spindly ankles encased in hosiery of a delicate pink and surmounted by a pair of trousers too short to furnish the slightest excuse for the palpably false turn up cuff around the bottom — topped in the ascending scale by a jacket split up the back seam so as to spread engagingly away from the seat of the pants and the shirt — a pair of shoulders padded out of all proportion to the pipe-stem neck encircled by a bright red four-in-hand.

But we digress. What we had in mind was not the style of male dress, but the weight of it. Here fashion exerts no sway. Here a man can be sensible if he wishes without attracting undue attention.

And right here most of us show little common sense.

For the average city worker about twenty-two of the twenty-four hours are spent indoors. Putting aside the hours of sleep, about fourteen of the sixteen hours are spent under shelter. As a matter of fact, the proportion is greater than this.

And yet, what do most of us do when winter comes around? Most of us immediately invest in heavy flannels, heavy high shoes, and heavy-weight suits of clothes. This is all wrong, hygienically wrong.

What we should do is wear the same weight flan-

nels, stockings, shoes, and suits of clothes the year round — merely getting overshoes, gloves, or mittens and heavy overcoats to put on when we leave house or office, theatre or club, and to take off when we reach house, office, theatre, or club.

This sitting in the house in an indoor temperature of sixty to seventy Fahrenheit, weighted down with heavy clothes, and then jumping out into a New England snow storm with pores all open — and everything set for a beautiful cold, is the acme of foolishness.

Back in the mediæval days when men used to clank around in armor and fight each other with lances, swords, and battle axes in order to get into the limelight with the fair sex, it was the custom for a man, before going in to get chopped up, to beg from the lady of his choice a scarf or some similar token which he promptly tied around his arm, or better still, his helmet. The girls took a long chance in decorating their favorite in this manner, for it was dollars to doughnuts that he would be rolled in the dust or have his helmet jammed down over his ears in the mêlée, in either of which cases the scarf was bound to receive rough and humiliating usage.

However, students of history now tell us that it is from this old custom that the present hat band has descended. This may be so — probably is. Even now you will see, tucked into the hat band, a feather or a

leaf, or some similar token. We always supposed that this meant that the wearer was a member of the "Boy Scouts," or some like secret organization. However, they may well be tokens from the loved ones. Not so long ago it was a common sight to see a T. D. pipe reposing artistically within the aforesaid hat band, the bowl peeping jauntily out at the top. This last practice at least had the advantage of being utilitarian as well as ornamental.

As to the hat bands themselves, we will say that if some of the ladies of the days of chivalry ever wore scarfs of the variegated colors affected by our present knights of the seaside arena, they surely were consistent advocates of *brilliancy* in their color scheme of dress and adornment.

LADIES, *do not publicly powder your noses. In the first place, we pause to state humbly but emphatically that it spoils a girl's looks to powder her face — and we make this statement in spite of the seemingly unanimous opinion of that sex to the contrary.*

In the second place, it is a dead give-away. The ordinary man prefers to cherish as sacred his inherited belief that fair woman, individually and collectively, is as the lily and the rose — one of nature's fairest products — and that all she ever has to do is to close her eyes at night and wake up in the morning fresh and blooming, without artificial aid or assistance whatever other than Dame Nature's kindly offices. It is a brutal shock to their ideal when she appears as though recently rescued from a flour barrel — a shock that is further accentuated when she lugs around and publicly adds the finishing touches to this unfortunate effect.

Don't do it, girls; you look better without it. But if you must do it, do it in private and remove most of the traces before you appear in public.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

WE are all more or less fellow-sufferers from it; from Self-consciousness — thinking too much of or about ourselves. It is one of our greatest obstacles to efficiency and progress. We are either conceited, or else we are bashful, timid, sensitive of what other folks are thinking and saying of us. Of course it is every man's duty to maintain his self-respect and to desire to stand well in the opinions and judgment of his fellowmen, but there is an easily divined dividing line between "self-respect" and "self-consciousness." One is necessary and a help, the other is needless and a hindrance.

Any man who is honest, intelligent, and clean of motive will have no difficulty in maintaining his self-respect. That depends on what a man thinks of himself irrespective of what others think of him. As a matter of fact, what others think of him — so far as opinions worthy of weight go — will follow as a matter of course. But the possession of self-respect need not make a man conceited or arrogant, and it certainly need not make him shy or timid. These latter qualities come from our thinking either too much *of* ourselves, or too much *about* ourselves. If we think too much *of* ourselves we are a nuisance to the community; and if we think too much *about* our-

selves we are a plague to ourselves and a loss to the community — for no one who is all the time wondering whether others are laughing at him behind his back can ever act naturally or exert any influence either in his work or in his play.

This is one of the greatest obstacles to our effectiveness — "self-consciousness." It has many different grades. Shyness, egotism, sensitiveness, arrogance, timidity all base in this same failing.

Our choice of the descriptive word generally depends upon whether we are talking about ourself or about some one else. If we are excusing ourself (most of us in secret like ourselves pretty well), we describe the quality as "modesty," "self-esteem," "sensitiveness." If it is some one else, some one that we may be perhaps a wee bit envious of, we call him "arrogant," "egotistical." But it practically amounts to the same thing in either case; a thinking too much of one's self, or a thinking too much about one's self.

Of course, it is granted that we should all jealously guard and retain our self-respect and should likewise hold in constant consideration the feelings and opinions of others with whom we come into contact; but if we will be frank and unsparing in our scrutiny of ourselves, we will find that we are continually posing, forever trying to be something to others that we are not to ourselves. The silly part of it all is that we do not give others credit for being at least as discerning as we ourselves are. All around we see persons

posing for our benefit. If we are charitable, we pity them for being so foolish, and if we are not charitable, we say mean things about them. In either case the result is the same. They lose any influence that they might otherwise have on us, our thoughts, and our actions. Yet we find ourselves attempting the same thing the very next minute on others.

What is the cure? All the really great men are without this failing — for the first thing you notice about a really big personality is an absolute forgetfulness of self. Instead of being self-conscious, be self-forgetful.

If the work for the time being is that of a leader, let the leading be done with entire forgetfulness of self. If on the other hand we are of those who are following another's lead, let us follow enthusiastically — with no thought of ourselves and no envy of our associates.

Study this question of self-consciousness. See what *poseurs* most of us are. Notice how we act in simple little everyday matters — how we enter a room, how we talk, what motive controls most of our words and actions. Few of us are ourselves when in the presence of others. Thereby we lose a great deal of effectiveness.

If we have self-respect, we ought not to be ashamed to be ourselves in whatever company we happen to be; and even if we are ashamed of being ourselves, we should realize that when we pose — when we act

a part — we fool very, very few of our fellowmen. They are not getting away with it so far as we are concerned, and the chances are overwhelming that we are failing also.

We all *want to do big things, to be big men. In every human being the Deity has implanted this desire.*

It is some consolation for the great majority whose life and work lie in quiet routine channels, to realize that prominence in the eyes of our fellows is no criterion of real bigness. It is gratifying to receive the attention and the plaudits of the multitude, but it is not convincing nor conclusive.

Fame is no real reward. Fame is no gauge of merit. Another judges our doings — and his judgment — not that of our fellows — brings the lasting reward — a reward that comes to us in a satisfied conscience.

CRITICISM

PRAISE or criticism, which do you seek — which strive for — which avoid? In all honesty you will have to admit that praise is far and away the more acceptable.

Praise and flattery (you are apt to call it praise when you receive it and flattery when another is the recipient) are the welcome guests — and if criticism does manage now and again to intrude, it is never made to feel at home or encouraged to return. Yet are you not making a great mistake when you permit yourself to adopt this attitude towards criticism? Are you not throwing aside a great opportunity to make more of yourself in this life?

The critic has never been popular. Socrates was tried and executed by his fellow citizens for nothing more nor less than being a critic. His wisdom made his criticism sting deeply, and they killed him to stop it. He is, perhaps, the most striking example of the unpopularity of the critic.

You like to hear pleasant words about yourself — you fish for them, you swallow hook, bait, and sinker, and come back for more. But you hate to hear yourself criticized — told when in the opinion of some one you have been wrong in deed or motive or belief.

Praise and flattery have become the most effective

of instruments in the hands of the wise and cunning man to persuade, induce, lead, and mislead — and criticism remains as ever a fruitful destroyer of friendship and cause of enmity.

The wise man eagerly seeks all criticism and gives but slight attention to praise or flattery. Any man, whatever his motive, who takes time to criticize you to your face does you the greatest possible good. He may not himself deserve any credit. Criticism, sad to relate, is all too apt to spring from selfish and spiteful sources. Yet its value so far as you are concerned is always present, if you are only big enough to accept and benefit by it — and there is after all a satisfying touch in the thought that an enemy is helping you correct your mistakes.

In boyhood it was generally the worst tasting medicine that seemed to do the most good. Criticism, whether honest or ill-natured, never tastes well, but it always proves efficacious. One thing also is true — you need never fear an overdose — it will always, whether justifiable or not, whether well meaning or ill-tempered, do you good.

Be grateful to the man who tells you that you are, in his opinion, wrong — and why.

If you *cannot say something good of a man, say nothing at all. Of course, there is always the case where it is your duty in order to prevent a harm being done or an innocent person being injured to speak fairly and fully about another in warning. This is not what we mean. We mean the envious, mean, ill-natured, slurring gossip that is retailed daily behind the backs of those to whom it refers. There is nothing more contemptible and no habit easier to acquire.*

MEMORY

MEMORY is man's heaven and man's hell — his storehouse of good and of bad. Who would care to live without memory? All our knowledge — the finest of our joys, the keenest of our sorrows — is ever at hand stored away in this inner compartment of the soul. Memory is the measure of the soul's progress. Throughout the universe, so far as we in this existence are permitted to see and study it, there seems no waste, nothing lost, nothing that ceases to be of use, however marked the change in form. If memory died with the physical body, it would be a waste, a contradiction of nature's laws. Memory is always to be with us — on earth and elsewhere — the measure of our growth — and the means of our development.

By experience we grow and develop. There can be no experience without memory. And in this life memory is ever at hand to guide, warn, and inspire. Everything we do and are is founded on the something gone before. Even "instinct," that intuitive guide and director of mankind, is but "memory" — a memory not sensed by our brain, but nevertheless a memory that guides and controls our unconscious, involuntary acts.

All look forward to receiving some sort of a reward for a good life, well lived. Can one imagine any

reward that would compensate for a future existence with memory gone — with no knowledge of the loved ones — no memory of past deeds, good, bad, indifferent — no chance to better them, or profit by past experiences?

Without memory how can there be punishment or reward? Both ground in a knowledge of what the reward or punishment is for. Is there any conceivable method by which the human soul can grow and develop except with memory as a basis? Otherwise heaven would be peopled by puzzled souls wondering how, why, and where they were.

And if memory is to be ever with us — our storehouse of good and bad — how vital it becomes to fill this storehouse with good.

Can we believe that all the love, all the affection that permeates this life — that is the basis of most that is good and noble here on earth — is simply a temporary expedient adopted by that power which controls the universe for our little space of earth existence, and that no part of it will "carry over" so to speak, into the next existence? Will none of the kind thoughts, the loving deeds, which make up the beauty of this life here on earth vibrate through into the next plane of existence? It seems as though they must. If they do, the thought comes unbidden, "Then there must be knowledge of this life and its happenings in and with the souls of the friends who have gone on before."

It is a kind and comforting thought and one of

persuasive force. Are those whom we have known, whose loving and kindly deeds and sayings still echo here on earth, cut off from the greatest reward that could be given them — the knowledge of what the seeds they sowed while here in the flesh have brought forth of good and noble fruit? No, it must be that they are in touch with us here — that perhaps they are each helping those who here seek the right path, are sending to those whom they lived and worked for and with, the strength and substance of their thoughts and wisdom.

Certainly, for those who believe that the existence of the human soul is everlasting, it comes with impelling force that such existence must be one of development, of expansion, toward some ultimate Godhead, or spiritual perfection — repeated planes of existence for growth and development — here on earth or elsewhere. But how better could one grow than by having when he has completed one plane of effort, his doings on that plane spread clearly before his inner spirit — the good to keep, the useless to discard — and the wrong to expiate.

After all, reward and punishment are not of the body, but of and in the soul — the inner consciousness. It is this soul, this inner consciousness, that is the part eternal of us all, so we are told — so each feels — when we turn to that great question.

There is a charm, a logic, in the belief that our existence has a past, just as it has a present, and that, just as it has a present, so will it surely have a future —

that these repeated planes of existence are related each to the other as the pearls of a single necklace, each going to make up the perfect and inevitable whole. Certainly to many this seems better than to feel that the human soul steps out of this existence as out of a room, the one door of which is to be thereafter forever barred, and that Heaven or Hell is a reward or a punishment and not a consequential outcome of past planes of struggle and achievement toward that goal of perfect spirithood to which all ultimately shall attain.

No, a beautiful thought is beautiful everywhere, a good deed as good in Heaven as on earth, and the good, the fine, the worthy things we think and do and are, never die, are never lost, but accompany us from existence to existence. They are our adornment, our certificates of growth and development. It may well be that one measure, one indication of growth and betterment on the part of the individual will be a broadening of his memory, as to the good in his past. If, as some declare, Hell is merely a condition in which we suffer under complete memory of our evil deeds and with a clear vision of their consequences, so Heaven may well consist in part of the humble counting by the growing soul of his or her necklace beads of good brought out of past existences and faithful struggles in prior worlds and to be thereafter carried as a strength and comfort to future planes of life and being.

We live *in the senses. We are constantly touching, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing. Five servants — or five masters. Where they serve, they help — where they master, they harm. To be sure just as excess poisons, so does it create its bodily antidote —Mother Nature's way of punishing, and of curing, an abuse of these gifts to man. This is true of all animal life. Granting — and we all must grant it — that we have in us something the animal has not, some bit of undying spirit that is working out through different shapes and phases, and inevitable development to greater things; then the true test of this spirit in this life may well be in part a proper use and control of these bodily tools of the senses. At least it is true that in the degree we control and direct to good purpose and achievement these five servants of ours, so is the physical body here on earth rewarded or punished.*

MILITARY TRAINING

EVERY young man in these United States of ours should feel it his duty to take at some time and in some way a course of military training either in a citizens' military training camp, or better still, in the National Guard of his state. It is a duty he owes to his country, to those dependent upon him, and to himself. If his country ever needs him in time of war, it will need him trained. These days a green soldier is a liability, not an asset.

Moreover, he owes it to himself and to those near and dear to him to be able to take care of himself in service. The relative casualties between trained and untrained troops are about one to five.

To be sure, people tell you there will be no more war, and that to prepare for war is to invite it. Some of those who talk this way are honest and sincere in their belief — many more are deliberately planning to create a situation that will threaten the continued existence of our nation—but in either case such statements are not true. There will be war and threats of war in the future as there have been in the past. The best way to avoid war so far as we are concerned is to make it so expensive a proposition to tackle the United States that other nations will hesitate long before doing it. Human nature is the same as it ever

has been. There will always be in humanity the instinct to get what can be gotten safely. There will always be the bully, and there will as surely always be the coward. But the bully thinks twice before tackling the trained fighter, and nothing cures cowardice more effectively than self-respect and confidence in one's ability to defend one's self.

Then there is also that other duty all have of setting a good example to others. In every walk of life there are many things not wrong in themselves and which we could do or fail to do without injury, but which we do or do not do as a matter of duty because the position we take influences others, sets others an example.

At present the military protection of the United States is mainly dependent on its National Guard. The regular army, reduced as it has been, is pitiably inadequate to defend this country from invasion, or even to preserve order in case of riot or mob violence.

Here, then, is an opportunity for all of us to do our duty for our country and set an example for others to follow. Enlist in the National Guard. It will build you up physically — it will prepare you to be something useful and efficient if war does come — you will be doing your part in maintaining law and order in the community in which you live — and you will be setting a good example to your fellow citizens.

WHEN *is a man old? Not so long as his brain is active and receptive — not so long as he has mental initiative! Take, for example, the ages of those men upon whose shoulders fell in great part the responsibilities of our late world war. Clemenceau was seventy-seven — Foch was sixty-seven — Joffre was the same age as Foch, as was also Earl Grey — Asquith was sixty-six. All of which goes to show that provided a man continues mentally alert, the more his years of experience the greater his value to the world and his fellowmen.*

SCIENCE AND FAITH

SCIENCE and faith, the line of division ever shifting, sometimes in accord — more often diametrically opposed — yet covering all there is or will be.

Science never accepts as a fact what it cannot prove. Faith yields with great reluctance to proof of error. In past ages faith was in control — science always subordinate. When the two clashed, science was the sufferer. Not so long ago faith was burning science at the stake for attempting to prove that the world was round.

Now science is having its turn. Now the world displays a tendency to belittle what it cannot prove. So assertion and denial, claim and counterclaim, travel back and forth between the two, year after year, century after century. The metaphysician claims a power in faith that the scientist denies. The metaphysician contends that faith creates. The scientist claims that faith can only be a result, not a cause; that there can be no proper faith without proof.

We need both; the one supplements the other. Faith is the pioneer; science the builder. One blazes the trail; the other builds the road. Without faith we should have little to look forward to. Without faith this indeed would be a dreary, purposeless existence,

for science has as yet proven little beyond that curtain that we call "death." With all its delvings in the realm of proof, science stops short there.

Man must turn to faith when he seeks to answer the question as to how and why he is here and how and where he goes.

Yet it is but a step from faith to superstition. What errors is the student of the spirit — of things metaphysical — led into when released from the restraining influence of science!

Once in a while it is a good idea to readjust a bit our outlook — to get into focus so to speak. We live and work in a world of figures, and in consequence are apt to feel that we can visualize mathematical calculations fairly well — at least a little better than our fellows. Big figures are not supposed to stagger us. A million, or even a billion, is not too heavy for us to picture correctly. For example, the distance of the moon from our planet is not a fact beyond our powers of acceptance and realization.

It is good now and again to take ourselves down from this modest pedestal of self-approval and to realize how very small in fact we and our world are as compared with the universe as a whole.

We know that we are a part in the heavens of a collection of planets called the "solar system," and that in the ether around and beyond this solar system is another vast expanse of stars which our astronomers

have named the "sidereal" or "star system." Does it mean anything to us when we are told that the nearest star of this sidereal system is twenty-five billions of miles distant — as far away from this earth in a straight line as our national debt translated into terms of miles? And this is the *nearest* star. The most distant of these stars yet located by students of the heavens is hundreds of billions of miles away from us — so far away, in fact, that the rays of light which travel from it to this earth take fifty thousand years to get here from the time they leave the star in question. There are millions of just such stars. (How fast does light travel? It travels practically one hundred ninety thousand miles per second.)

Our astronomers go on to tell us that this sidereal system is in turn probably surrounded by other sidereal and planetary systems, so distant that our own particular sidereal system probably appears to them something as the Milky Way in the heavens appears to us on pleasant evenings. To these furthermost celestial bodies our entire solar system would be merely a single spark of light in the heavens — if there is a human eye there looking at it.

Can you imagine distances like these? And at that we do not have to go outside our own private family solar system to get shaken down into a thoroughly healthful state of humble amazement. Take the sun, for example. The diameter of our earth is roughly eight thousand miles; the diameter of the sun is one

hundred twenty-six times greater. It would take three hundred thousand earths molded together to make a sphere the size of the sun.

Then just think of the volume of heat that the sun is giving out. Here during the summer months we think it is pretty hot, and yet we are over ninety million miles away from the sun. In fact, none of the planets comprising our solar system (excepting probably Mars) are sufficiently removed from the effect of this tremendous heat to permit of life existing on them similar to the life that exists on our planet — and still it takes only about ten minutes for a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth. Some difference between that and the stars, so far as distance in space goes.

It does not take much of this sort of figuring to convince us that this earthly planet of ours does not cut a very large figure in the heavens.

NOTHING *in the universe so far as science has discovered, stands without change. Everything is evolving, is advancing, is going back. Man is no exception to this law of change. He alone of all things has the power of choice. This power undoubtedly carries with it a present responsibility, and a consequent reward or punishment as the choice be right or wrong. Is it not reasonable to assume that our future is likewise controlled by the proper and progressive exercise of this power of choice — that herein lies our present growth and our future happiness and achievement?*

GOOD INTENTIONS

THE motive is not enough — not nearly enough. Yet how often we hear it said, "Never mind, he meant well, poor fellow." How many times we hear, "I am sorry, but I thought it was the right thing to do."

"As between a well-meaning fool and a deliberate knave," said a wise man once, "commend me to the knave. He will do far less harm in this world."

The wise man was right. It is no absolution, this "meaning well." One would think to hear some people that it is a matter of praise and credit just to be honest of intention and sincere in motive —just to mean well. You cannot thus cheaply dodge your responsibility to your fellows. Whatever the height, the sincerity of your motives, you are always charged with a personal and individual duty of seeing that the things you do are *right*. It is not enough in other words to be "well-intentioned." The motive must not only be good — the act must be right. You must discern and do the right, and not be misled by the belief that your motive alone is the deciding factor. Those people who blunder along, egotistically content with the mere fact that they have the best of intentions; and who, on that basis solely, assume to define right and wrong and to settle with their words of

praise or censure questions of conduct, of business, of ethics — never bringing to their task anything but the best of motives — do as a matter of fact far more actual harm to their fellowmen than many a convicted malefactor. The "good motive" dresses the wrongdoing in a garb that gives it entrée where the obviously criminal would be barred.

There is the well-known saying that Hell is paved with good intentions. Further building material for that community can likewise be furnished by those who on this earth serenely predicate their actions, not on the basis of right and wrong, but solely on that of good and bad intent.

WRONG *deeds always do harm however good the intention. The deed carries the punishment or reward — not the intention. This is mankind's responsibility — to know the right.*

MIND AND MUSCLE

IF WE wish to enjoy life and to be fairly well satisfied with what we have made of it when our time comes to depart to other fields of endeavor, there is at least one thing that we must attend to most faithfully — the keeping of mind and body in good condition.

Which of these two elements that go to make up the human being has the greater influence is a source of fruitful discussion. It seems generally conceded that the mind is the controlling factor and the body the servant — that, if the individual develops in the least the inherent powers of his mind, it becomes supreme and the physical body functions and grows strong or weak in response to its command.

Most of us fail to develop to any degree our minds along this line; and therefore, for us, at least, our physical condition governs in large part the efficient working of our mental powers. When our bodies are sick — whatever the cause — our minds are sick, too. It is also undeniably true that when we are sick we do nothing well — and since it is our duty to do things well, it is plainly our duty to keep in good health.

There are certain fixed laws of living by the observance of which we can keep physically and mentally well. If we do not eat and drink properly, if we do not sleep and exercise regularly, we become physically

sick. Let us at least observe these laws of physical health — eight hours of sleep each day — pure air always — simple food well digested and eaten quietly and slowly — physical exercise daily, not too violent but sufficiently strong to induce deep breathing and free perspiration, and of a kind that we find enjoyable and absorbing. These are the basic essentials.

Nothing is more important than this question of physical health — nothing should be permitted to take precedence of it. To be well is not a luxury, it is a necessity — if we do not wish to have the keen punishment of a wasted life to look back upon. There are enough awful examples of the failure to observe these simple rules of well living. No one in this world ever has succeeded in slighting them and getting away with it.

If we wish to develop our muscles, we exercise them. No one will dispute that we fall off in physical strength, that our muscles grow weak and flabby, unless we exercise.

The same thing holds true of our mind. Unless we exercise our brain, our mental powers will deteriorate and become weak. How do we exercise our mind? We exercise our minds the same way as we exercise our muscles, by use — and the best way of using the mind is by conscious, concentrated, constructive thinking. Comparatively few exercise their brain in this manner. Most use it solely as a storage room, in

which to tag and file away the thoughts of other men for future use when occasion arises. We let some one else do our thinking for us. We merely copy, imitate, and adopt.

This is not the way to develop our mental powers. Our muscles are not strengthened by watching a gymkhana, or football game — by having some one else do the exercising — and this holds true as to the mind.

To develop the mind, we must exercise it ourselves — not by proxy — and it gets little exercise when we accept and adopt the thoughts of others. By far the better way is to do our own thinking systematically, *by* ourselves, *for* ourselves, and *of* ourselves. When we suspect that there is for any reason a slight increase in the dimension of our hat band, by specializing a little on the third of the foregoing sub-divisions there is bound to be a return to normal.

EVERYONE *of us should, if we wish to keep well, exercise to a perspiration at least once every twenty-four hours. And the perspiration should be caused by physical exercise — not nervous strain. Yes, we know about the Turkish. That is perspiration produced by heat conditions. Better than nothing, but not in the same class as to the benefit gained, with the physical exercise kind.*

OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD

IT MAY be too sweeping a statement to say that the work of no man is better than the tools he has to work with, yet few will take exception to the statement that the character of any work is wonderfully improved by good tools. In all our trades and crafts this is so universally recognized that, as a general proposition, the more skilful the man, the more careful is he to see that the working tools of his trade are of the best in quality and are kept in the best of condition.

Yet when we get to that great mass of people who do not work with their hands — and whose sole manual equipment is at most a good pencil and a free-writing fountain pen — we find a very different state of affairs. The tools of this latter class are the spoken and the written word, for it is plain that the only means they have of communicating their knowledge, or of making effective their skill and experience, is by what they say or write.

With most of us these two tools on the average are in pretty bad shape and in addition are not handled with even a fair amount of skill. The reason for this is not entirely clear. Whether it is because — being our Mother Tongue — the English language is more apt to be slighted in the mass of new studies at present

foisted upon school and college is a question. Such may be the explanation, and yet there seems to be plenty of opportunity in our schools for learning to talk and write correctly and persuasively. In general, the teaching along these lines appears to be sound and basic, with perhaps a few more frills than formerly, but with the framework still there. The real trouble is that the vital importance of a thorough and facile command of the English language is not brought home by parents and teachers to the growing boy and girl, who accordingly slither indifferently along through the prescribed English courses, half attentive and wholly uninterested. As a result, when with schooling finished they start to chisel out their individual niche in the world of business, they are surprised and shocked to find themselves sadly handicapped. This is bound to be the case, for in the degree only that we are able to express ourselves forcefully and clearly and persuasively, are we able to impose our personality upon our associates, and gain recognition for our work and for our ability. It is our only medium — all the tools we have to work with — and these tools are being kept by most of us in mighty poor shape.

For example, how few of us can stand on our feet and express in clear-cut, compelling, Anglo-Saxon, our thoughts, wishes, arguments, statements of fact and theory? Moreover, how few, let alone being able

to present arguments and information orally, can even in seclusion, alone and undisturbed, sit down and write out a clear, comprehensive statement of facts, of argument, of description?

In consequence many travel through life unknown, undervalued, and unrewarded, who, if they possessed and had been able to handle these two simple tools — the ability to talk and the ability to write — could stimulate the thought and action of the world and could advance almost without limit life's activities.

It is a matter well worth our pondering over, for it is never too late to mend. No age limit is placed upon the study of English. No man is too old to improve his speaking and his writing. How futile and exasperating it is to be held back and prevented from reaping the harvest of our hard work, our study, and application, simply because the ability to talk and write our mother tongue correctly and convincingly is lacking.

What would we think of the retailer who left his best goods on a back shelf out of sight of his customers? Yet this is just what many of us are doing.

Let us at least get due credit for what we do know, even if it takes a little midnight oil in polishing up on our use of the English language. Many of our countrymen by their mere facility in handling tongue and pen have in the past — and in the present — gotten credit for ability that they never actually possessed. Their facile use of these tools of expression dazzled their fellow men into over-rating them. It is just as

wrong — and far more humiliating — to fall on the other side of the fence. Let us determine to become able to display our wares of knowledge and experience counter ways in such style as to earn for them at least the attention they deserve.

And there is only one way in which we can acquire this knowledge that is so necessary to all who wish to climb the heights and dodge the pitfalls. The only method to attain the knowledge (outside of the teaching that bitter experience brings) is by *reading*. Yet few of us do any real reading. Beyond the newspapers — with a magazine now and then, and a summer novel at fairly rare intervals — how many of us do any reading after our years of schooling have ended. We feed our bodies indifferently well; but we starve our minds. Books are the greatest food the mind can have.

And the same rules of feeding apply to mind as to body — simple, wholesome food — in wise variety — sweets and sours, light and heavy — all masticated thoroughly, consumed quietly, and in not too great quantities. Think of the mental feats that all of us can enjoy for the asking — history, romance, philosophy, humor, science, mechanics, wit, religion — an infinite variety handed down from the wisdom and learning of the past — the cost, nothing, and the supply practically unlimited.

When we stop to realize that, while there is a limit

to the development of the physical body, to the amount of nourishment that it can consume and convert into muscular development — there is no limit to the mind — no time of life that the mind cannot grow and develop — the crime of starving this mind of ours comes home with force.

DO NOT *let yourself get into a rut, either of body or of mind. To be sure both our body and our mind function best under a certain regularity in basic habits of food, sleep and study, but both body and mind atrophy and weaken when their respective activities are not varied. This is especially true as we grow older.*

Fight against getting into a rut. Keep young in mind, and the body will respond. Always have something of interest to turn from, and to turn to. Change your thoughts as you change your clothes. Take a mental bath now and then. As your stomach bullies your physical body, so your mind bullies your nerves. A varied diet for stomach and mind is the needful prescription for a sound, vigorous physique, and alert, nervous system.

ENVY

LIFE is just a series of sensations — a necklace of emotions. What we have and what we do are merely means to an end. They serve to bring a few more beads to the necklace, but after all it is what we feel — what we make of our necklace — that counts.

And what a botch we honestly make of this necklace of ours! To be sure, we do not have much say as children as to what our emotions shall be, our parents take care of that, at least to a large degree. But when we have grown up, and become as much independent and so far master of our respective destinies as we shall ever be, even then what can be said of our choice of beads? Human emotions generally group into little clusters. When we pick one bead, we thereby acquire the other beads in that cluster willy-nilly. We seek some sensation with pleasurable anticipation — and suddenly find ourselves the unfortunate possessor of a group of supplemental sensations that are as painful as they are inevitable.

Yet we go on through life — most of us — choosing whatever sensation at hand brings immediate pleasure, oblivious to its family of relations that comes to us with it and which in many cases is numerous and far from pleasant.

Of all human emotions the two that have caused

the most needless misery in this life are *envy* and *jealousy*. Between them there is not much difference. *Jealousy* fears the loss of something *to* another — *envy* desires the possession of something *from* another. They both ground in practically the same state of mind.

The thing to do with these two emotions is to keep them under control. Ambition to equal the achievement of another man is a thoroughly desirable state of mind to be in. The sour begrudging of some other man's achievements or possessions and the consequent meanness and spite that arises in the heart of the envious one is on the other hand a thoroughly contemptible state of mind. If we must be jealous, let us be jealous only of our own honor and envious only of others' good deeds. It will make a much better world.

Say *what you wish, this is a queer world. People slide along from day to day serene in their belief that what they have and what they do and what they think is better and more effective than anything the world has ever known before. Yet many bits of history that come down through the ages show us, when we stop to pause, that there is a good deal of truth in the statement that nothing in the world is new.*

Past civilizations did not all live in caves and roam around with stone hatchets. The Democracies of Greece struggled successfully with the same problems of representative government that we make a mess of in the present day. Mankind reached in past ages far greater heights of religious sincerity and devotion than is generally in evidence in modern times. We still gaze with awe at the relics of the past and still struggle to understand and apply the principles and mechanics used by ancients in the construction of the hanging gardens of ancient Babylon.

INTUITION

SO OFTEN we find ourselves honestly in doubt as to which of two courses is the right one to pursue. Then if we are wise we sleep on it before making a decision. Why is it a good idea to sleep on it? Just so that small inner voice we call "intuition" may have time to contribute its warning or guidance.

The wonderful value of this inner mentor to each individual lies in the fact now generally accepted that its counsel and advice is always right — even when our conscious, reasoning faculties seem to be in opposition.

There are many different explanations as to just what "intuition" is. All of us have it in greater or less degree. No man or woman lives that has not at some time or other felt this little inner urge, apparently coming from nowhere, the result of no conscious thought or reasoning. We cannot at will summon it to our aid. It is automatic and not within man's conscious control. We know practically nothing of its origin, nor of the laws governing it. The theory is that it is ever present at our elbow, advising, checking, urging, but that it does not always get its message through to our consciousness — therefore the aim of the student of this phenomenon has been in the main to discover its method of communicating with our

conscious mind and of devising a way of enlarging and of keeping constantly open the channel of communication.

It has been found that this intuitive sense works most freely in that direction in which we are in the habit of directing our thought. In practice it has been proven that when one seeks a response from his intuition in any particular matter, it is helpful to meditate, deliberately and with intention, not upon the particular matter in which he seeks guidance — but rather upon the general abstract principles of the subject to which it relates.

THERE *is only one thing better in this world than having a true friend, and that is, being a true friend. At first thought, this seems like putting the cart before the horse. For most people there is nothing so helpful, or so comforting as to have a true friend — one in whom they can depend always, and upon whose friendship they can lean in times of stress or uncertainty.*

Yet, after all, from the basis that what we are and what we do is more to be desired than what we get, there is even greater self satisfaction in being a good friend to someone.

NEEDLESS EMOTION

EVERY time we move any portion of our body, however slight the motion, however insignificant — each time we have a thought — we are using up a certain portion of our bodily strength, physical or mental. Each of us has within himself great reservoirs of reserve force to meet just these expenditures — how great we do not even begin to realize until some emergency calls upon them in real earnest.

And always the body is at work collectively and storing up for use this reserve energy which we daily draw upon in our acts and thoughts and sensations. What we do not stop to consider is how extravagantly, how needlessly we draw each day upon these reservoirs of vitality. Turn your attention to this for five or ten minutes some day. Note how you waste this strength. Note how much utterly unnecessary movement of the body there is — of the hands and feet — how many times you clear your throat or cough, how many times you tense momentarily some portion of the body. It is harder to check this off when you turn to your thoughts and sensations; still you can check these off also if you will only turn your attention to it for a few moments. How many absolutely futile and wandering thoughts you think. How many needless emotions you permit to come and go

— of anger, of jealousy, of envy, of greed, of discontent. Students of this phenomena tell us that we have no conception of our daily waste of vitality and vigor.

It is *never good to worry; but if you simply* must *worry, worry about the* present *and let it go at that. Don't worry about the* past *or* future. *Follow this rule and there will be little worrying — nothing to worry about.*

THE OTHER FELLOW

PUT yourself in the other fellow's shoes. There is no more helpful rule to adopt whether it be planning a battle or settling a quarrel. Put yourself carefully and completely in the other fellow's shoes.

In Kipling's "Captains Courageous" he describes a fisherman skipper who has his regular periods when, pipe in mouth, oblivious to all surroundings, he becomes for a time a codfish himself, thinks like a cod, feels like a cod, hungers like a cod — and after each of these periods follows a decision that brings a big catch.

Napoleon is said to have answered when asked the most important factor in military campaigns "the enemy."

How many times the unexpected, the unforeseen, comes to tumble our castles, to render futile our plans. Reduced to the last analysis, the "unexpected," the "unforeseen," is simply "the other fellow."

Not in big things does this alone obtain. In the little, ordinary, everyday matters of dispute and adjustment how often occur incidents which could easily have been smoothed out, quickly and pleasantly adjusted, had we only stopped to consider what the other man was thinking of at the time — what was in his mind — why he was angry, indifferent, vindictive.

And it is not so difficult to put ourselves in the other fellow's shoes. Given the same situation, the same set of circumstances, most people feel and act in about the same way.

At any rate it is a worthwhile rule to try out — one that has saved a lot of trouble and injustice in the past and probably will in the future.

FRIENDS *are better than dollars any day — and* helping *is far finer than* grabbing *in the final analysis.*

What is the best way to make friends? Be yourself a friend. In this world of ours like *creates* like. *If you hate a man, you have adopted the very best method of making him hate you.*

CONCENTRATION

IT IS a good idea once in a while to sit down and consider how we have been spending our time the last week or so. Most people like to get value for what they spend. If we will check up our own personal expenditure of time, we will be astonished at the way we are spending it, and the trouble is that none of us know how much time we have to waste in this life. We may get to the bottom of our "time chest" any day. It is a royal extravagance, this wasting of time — but is it worth it?

There is a great deal of waste even in the simplest of human activities. No possible means of lessening this waste should be neglected. Take industry — take even Nature herself. Before us is constant evidence of a vast amount of force and of material misspent and misapplied.

So far as Mother Nature is concerned, efficiency is not so grave a question. Time with her is no object. Sooner or later she gets around to utilizing all, every atom, every particle of force and matter.

With mankind, however, the subject is a vital one. Every hour — yes, every minute rescued from life's waste basket, adds so much the more toward a broad, effective, and active life.

Of all remedies for this waste, for this lack of efficiency, none is the equal of that one known as "Concentration." Where concentration is lacking, one's energy does not focus properly on the subject at hand. There is missing the drive, the directed purpose, without which accomplishment is bound to lag.

We can with great profit apply this remedy to our own individual activities, for no man or woman will deny that one of the main aims in this existence is to accomplish as much as possible. To be sure some of us substitute the word "enjoy" for that of "accomplish," and differ in opinion as to what is worth while seeking in this life; but whatever the aim the principle remains the same. Some seek pleasure, some work, some self-indulgence, some service; yet few will take exception to the claim that whatever is to be done should be done as efficiently, as well, and with as little lost effort as possible. If we grant this as being beyond dispute, it becomes painfully apparent that there is a lamentable waste of time and effort on every hand.

The average man never acquires even the rudiments of concentration. For example, not one in a thousand is able to think upon one thing, to the exclusion of all else, for even sixty seconds by the clock.

What a great saving of time, what a great increase in accomplishment would be attained if this principle of concentration were only accepted as a necessary part of a man's training and education. There is no need of going far to find examples of its great power.

When for any reason you do happen to become intensely concentrated upon a matter at hand, the increase in accomplishment, in the amount of progress you make, is wonderful.

There are many inducements to specialize on this subject of concentration, even viewing it from the purely selfish standpoint of the individual. Any one who concentrates on his work will finish his task the sooner as well as do it the better, and will have more time to concentrate on something else — recreation, for example.

One of the leading thinkers of the nineteenth century when asked what was in his opinion the quality most needed for success in this life replied with one word, *Concentration.*

Concentration in its truest sense does not necessarily imply a blind brainless straining after some end to the utter exclusion of all else. Sometimes to be sure, it does, and should, resolve into this, as, for example, when a great principle is involved — but ordinarily not. The very fact that so much latent force is called into play by concentration makes the more need that it be directed intelligently. Take the every-day example of your neighbor on the tennis court or golf links playing his head off in a frantic attempt to win, often literally, by hook or by crook. To be sure he is concentrating after a fashion, but it is concentration wrongly applied. If the same man had been trained to use his brain, he would have

instead been concentrating upon the problem of getting as much pleasure as possible for himself and his partner out of his afternoon in the open. It goes without saying that the grade of concentration should in each case be adapted to the purpose at hand. Whatever the subject, to concentrate upon it is to increase your power of accomplishment. It is therefore doubly important to concentrate for good only. Once you have decided calmly and intelligently that something is worth while doing, throw yourself heart and soul into the doing of it, and you will be surprised to see how well and how quickly it will be done. Without this there can be no really effective accomplishment. Where there is divided allegiance, where one permits his thought to wander and himself mentally to digress from the work or play at hand, there is in fact never anything worth while either done or enjoyed.

ARGUMENT, Rhetoric, Silence, *and* Example — *the four tools by which we influence others and by others are influenced. And of these the last two are the most important and the least used.*

THE REWARD OF EFFORT

REMEMBER, as long as you have a bit of "hopefulness" in you, you are alive; but when all hope departs you might as well be physically dead — you *are* dead mentally and spiritually so far as this earthly existence goes.

No, we do not mean just that. We have all seen men persist calmly and doggedly doing their bit in this life when we know from them all hope has departed; merely carrying on from pure grit. But it takes sand to do this. Not many of us are up to it — and in the last analysis it is not necessary. All of us, good, bad, and indifferent can find something to look forward to, something to hope for, if only we resolutely seek that inner view point. It is a mistake to pin our hopes on the *result*. We should rather take our pleasure in the *effort*. It is the *effort* that deserves, — and shall surely, here or hereafter, receive the reward. Where the result is attained, why that is a mere incident. The wise man takes his pleasure and his hope in the effort,— and we can all, always, have with us this pleasure and this hope. No one but ourselves can deprive us of it.

No man *is big or important enough to insult or slight a man over the telephone. If you wish to do that, do it to the man's face.*

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is much more cowardly — and much more dangerous — to insult a man over the telephone than it is to his face. The results are far reaching and lasting, if for no other reason than that the insulted one gets no chance to blow off steam in an immediate reply.

WORK

BUSINESS, the industrial and economic life of the inhabitants of this globe, is nothing but a circular chain made up of four links. So long as the links all hold, so long as the circle is complete, there is business prosperity. When for any reason the circle is broken, business stops. It does not matter which link is the one to break, the result is the same.

The four links of this chain are *Capital* (the furnisher of the tools with which to work), *Labor* (the user of the tools furnished by Capital), the *Seller* (middleman, jobber, retailer), and the *User* (purchaser of finished product). No chain is stronger than its weakest link. This holds true of the industrial chain. If anyone of its four links snaps, if the circle at any point is broken, all business suffers. Capital, Labor, Seller, Buyer, are interdependent each on the other. No one of them can operate without the other three.

Within the confines of the circle formed by this four-link chain is contained the entire industrial life of the nation. Unless the circle is complete, there can be no industrial prosperity. Some day the units that go to make up these four links will learn that they are in a common adventure — that they are necessary each to the other — that they stand or fall together.

When that time comes, the day of unscrupulous capitalist, the designing labor leader, the self-seeking political demagogue, the dishonest, greedy retailer, will pass. They exist now only because mankind has not yet been educated to the point of seeing that each of these four great links in the chain of industrial production is absolutely necessary — that Labor cannot get along without Capital — that Capital cannot get along without Labor — that there can be no production without both — and that in the last analysis we are all consumers and as such are all dependent upon team work for our individual well-being and prosperity.

After all, it is hard to beat for concentrated wisdom the saying that "anything worth doing is worth doing well." A man will go far in this life who observes this rule — far in enjoyment and far in achievement.

It, like everything else, is largely a matter of habit. You can form this habit of doing things well, or not, as you yourself elect. The man who puts his heart into whatever he is doing gets more fun out of his work and out of his play. When you find your attention wandering from your work, when you find yourself loafing on the job, *look out.* You can get that habit just as well as the other — and it is a habit that once acquired will destroy your usefulness to yourself and to others.

Work and play, labor and recreation — we speak

of them as though they were opposites and tag them (subconsciously at any rate) as "unpleasant" and "pleasant." But is it not true we ourselves do the tagging? No one else but ourselves can make our work play, our labor recreation. We can. It is all the inner point of view. Variety we must have to be sure, but here again it is after all nothing but variety of *thought*. You see about you numberless instances of men taking pleasure in things that in your present state of mind you would get no pleasure out of. Why is it a pleasure to them and not to you? Merely the individual viewpoint, is it not?

And this individual viewpoint can be controlled and directed to an astonishing extent by intelligent effort on the part of the individual himself. In other words, you can make yourself like about anything if you go the right way about it.

By habit and inheritance we have become accustomed to dislike the obligatory and take pleasure in the volitional things of life. Yet by far the larger part of each man's life is taken up with those things that are obligatory — the things that he does of necessity. Therefore, wise men seek to make a pleasure of these obligatory things. He who does this gains an infinitely broader and happier life. To such a man nothing is colorless, nothing dull or dreary. He never tires of his work. He has in fact no "labor" as we are accustomed to use the word. Lots of "difficult" things he finds to do, but nothing "laborious." What

such a man undertakes with dislike, is not the thing he is *obliged* to do, but the thing of *choice*, of volition — where the choosing is his to make and the result his to endure.

He who is busy doing something honest and useful can always be happy. It rests with him alone — merely his point of view. His only "laborious" work is the task of fitting himself to choose wisely in those things where the choice is his to make.

In order to do any work we have to take a pride in it. One of the most powerful incentives to achievement and success is pride.

If you are not proud of your team — if you are not in a frame of mind that instinctively resents any slur at your captain or your fellow players — then you are not in a proper state of mind to do your best towards making your team a winner. Play or work, war or peace, this is an invariable rule.

Any army man will tell you that a Company, the men of which will fight at the drop of the hat whenever any outsider begins making derogatory remarks, is a Company to depend on to the last ditch.

It applies alike to your work and your play. A team where all are pulling to win *will* win. What you are proud of you will work for and fight for. No one makes a more pitiful appearance than the man who is working for some one or something he is ashamed of.

If you cannot take a pride in your bank or your business, the sooner you change jobs the better. Criticize if you want to, grouch if you must. The test does not lie there. So long as you will not stand it from an outsider — so long as you find yourself springing to the defense of your associates when any one from outside starts talking them down — so long as this loyalty, this resentment against outside criticism, comes unbidden and instinctively to the front whenever your business, or your boss, or your fellow workers are attacked — then you are all right.

After all it is just your own point of view. Nothing is more controlling in life than the individual viewpoint. It is not the outside life that counts. It is the life inside that creates and colors. Loyalty, charity, faith, hope, humor are ours to have — or ours to be without. Of these we may if we wish stumble along without humor — without faith or charity — even without hope — but without loyalty to some one or something — and without the pride that goes with it — we do not even stand still — we slip backwards.

How often we all of us have stopped for a moment to envy the man who "has nothing to do but enjoy himself," the lucky dog "with plenty of money" who can "loaf and take things easy."

Then as we turn our thoughts back to our own particular job we find the load just a wee bit heavier and the outlook a trifle drab and dreary. The net result

is that we take a bit of comfort and pleasure away from ourselves — and all because of an entirely wrong belief. There is nothing so hard to do safely in this world as *loaf*, no poison so deadly to mind and body. The only difference between a man who works in order to eat and one so abundantly endowed with this world's goods that he does not do so, is that the latter has the heavier cross to bear. He must whip himself into some regular occupation of mind and body — or else live miserably and die young — whereas we and all others who like ourselves are fortunately compelled to work for a living, have the problem more or less solved for us by environment.

Then, too, the human body is very similar to any other machine; it rusts out very quickly if not in use. No man or woman ever shortened his or her life a single day by hard work. The days we chip off of this existence are by our worries and our so-called pleasures — not the real pleasures but the artificial ones. No one whose aim in life is to make himself as helpful to others as he possibly can — and who firmly believes that he will live after death — will ever waste his time envying the "idle rich." He will pity them.

And at that there are not so many "idle rich" in the world as our friend the politician would have us believe. There are fully as many "idle poor."

Think of the million of human beings that are working away at their daily tasks throughout the

world — perhaps not with the absolute regularity of a machine, for the human body is easily thrown out of gear physically, but at least just as mechanically — copying without thought what they see about them — using blindly the methods of their predecessors.

This is not the way for a man to do his work — like a mechanical toy that has been wound up to go through a fixed set of movements until it runs down. Make whatever job you have in hand *Your* job — place *Your* mark on it. It is without doubt a job that has been worked at by others before ever you tackled it — there is little in this world that has not already been done.

But do not simply copy. Analyze the former methods of doing the work — size them up — discard the poor — better the good — adopt only what you cannot improve. Do not be a machine. As the saying goes, "use your bean."

And always cultivate an interest, an enthusiasm, in whatever you are doing. A man does his best work when he is riding a hobby. Have a stable of hobbies. Then you will not be in danger of riding any one hobby to death. Moreover, the greater the number of mounts the better will become your riding.

It is a great thing in this life to have hobbies, or perhaps it is not too daring to say, to make of this life a hobby. Especially does this become apparent

when we apply the last and finest analysis, the test which we all sooner or later do surely apply — not what we have got, but what we have given. How better can we do our own work, how better help out others than by keeping our inner self charged with an interest, a liking, and an enthusiasm for whatever we have at hand to do? Others see and sense our state of mind and are the better for it. It is not what we say or do, but *how* we say or do it that tells. Whether at the end of a long day's hike or at the finish of a hard job of office work, who is it that is worth his weight in gold to the others of his tired squad or department? Always it will prove to be the man or woman who likes his task, or (and this amounts to the same thing) who has made himself *inside* to like his task, and who therefore goes about it with a smile and a joke; who looks upon the job at hand as an opportunity, a privilege — something to be appreciated and enjoyed. These are the people who really count, whether it is the striking of an elusive balance at the end of a hectic day in some big city office, or the getting of the last mile out of a tired unit on the march. These are the people who find ever before them increasing opportunity to shape and guide the happenings of this world.

Every one wants to get as much as possible out of life, as much out of his play, as much out of his work. Certainly a worthy ambition. Yet in these days of advancement, of specializing, of efficiency, how much

foot power we waste mentally and physically. How we exaggerate difficulties and how seldom remember that with us alone rests the pleasant and the unpleasant, that what we decide to like we will like. It would seem worth while constantly to bear in mind that no one else need ever be permitted to modify these likes and dislikes of ours or to impose upon us their special brand of what is "good," "bad," or "indifferent."

Far too little attention is given as to how controlling a factor one's own state of mind, one's mental point of view, is in the problems of present-day existence. Nor do we often stop to realize that this mental viewpoint, so important in its effect upon ourselves and our surroundings, is absolutely within our own control. Instead, we are wont to accept the viewpoint of others as to what is right and what is wrong — as to what is sport and what drudgery — as to what is desirable and what of no value — forgetting that all such decisions can and should rest within each of us. Few of our opinions are, strictly speaking, "home brewed"; most are inherited or have been foisted upon us by our friends and neighbors. It does not seem to matter much whether the question is one of the proper style of straw hat, or whether it relates to some one of the great fundamentals of existence. As a rule in either case we are apt to find others doing our thinking for us.

What is the difference between a laborious job and

a great game — just our own viewpoint, is it not: just our "like" and our "dislike?" Which makes it the more important that these likes and dislikes should be our own and not the adopted children of other men's minds. In the realm of our own individual mind, at the least, we can be absolutely the boss. It merely rests with us.

Take, for example, our everyday work. Just think a moment of the relative time we spend during our lives in what is commonly designated as "work" and what is generally accepted as "play." What makes it "work" and what makes it "play?" What is the difference between a *hobby* and a *task?* What is *labor* and what is *sport?* Clearly the individual point of view controls. Whether to struggle for hours through a mountain growth, clad in heavy rubber boots, stumbling and tripping over boulders and through tangles of vine and brush, surrounded by a halo of mosquitoes and black flies, is "work" or the "king of sports" depends solely upon one's mental state. Whether a swelter through a line of department store counters — or a blistering tramp over some rugged golf course — or a top and bottom Spring house-cleaning — is fun or a penance rests with the individual.

All of which brings us to the humble suggestion that it would be worth while to make a hobby, a sport, a profession, of our business, and not a dull and dismal grind. If we do this, our work will be the

better done, for we do well that which we enjoy. Moreover, our days and nights will be infinitely happier and more contented.

Then, again, if one is at all eager for greater responsibilities and opportunities as the years pass, there is no surer method of gaining same than by making the present work a pleasure and a daily inspiration. Some, it must be confessed, have attained in this life to material prosperity by sheer will power, by an enforced concentration upon work which to them was a burden and a drudge; but these men have been few and far between. On the other hand, it is undeniable that no one who has brought himself to love his work has ever failed in it. To this second rule at least there are no exceptions. Under it come all the leaders of mankind, past and present.

All work falls into one of two classes — "mechanical" or "inventive." For all of us there is in our work a certain part that is fixed, mechanical, routine — and a certain portion that might be called the "inventive," the "initiative," the individualizing of the task, the making of it something better than it has been.

The first of these classes of work is necessary, the second, optional. Most men are content to clock their work by time and not by achievement — to concentrate on it as little as possible — to look upon it as a necessary evil and to be performed as such somewhat

the way they shave or brush their teeth. Comparatively few tackle the second division of labor. These are the ones who go ahead and who make their work more important and themselves more valuable day by day.

Take a seat any morning or late afternoon in a suburban smoking car. See the occupants absorbed in their "pitch" or "bridge." If one half the concentration and mental effort used in these card games were spent on the day's work, the result would be astonishing. They will tell you that they are merely seeking rest and relaxation from their business cares. Yet the same keenness and concentrated mental energy spent on their work would achieve wonders.

Why should they need what they call a game to rest from what they call work? If they *would* they *could* make a game of their work — and one far more absorbing than any game of cards.

To be sure the body needs its physical exercise, its recreation, its rest; but as for the brain — well, playing cards in a steam-heated, ill-ventilated, smoke-ridden coach is not a method by which it will gain new vigor and vitality.

ACHIEVEMENTS *to be equally proud of — good things* well *done and ill things* not *done.*

MAN'S DESTINY

MOST human beings believe a divine power originally created this universe and has ever since controlled and guided it. Savant and scientist agree that in the creation of the universe this divine power brought into existence certain elemental forces and powers which have ever since functioned throughout the cosmos under His control and guidance. By what method these elemental powers were brought into existence by Deity, and what the scope of these powers is, how they function and how act and react throughout the universe has been the study of the wise men from the beginning.

It is now accepted by the student that God created by the power of His thought certain primal elements, and then established certain fixed cosmic laws within which these elements operate and by which they are controlled and guided. It is in the study of how these elemental forces function — what their powers and what their limitations are, where they limit and where they extend the scope of human endeavor, how they may be utilized and how controlled, that the thinkers, the scientists, the students, of this earth have found their greatest field of research.

Independence of thought is a right given by God to every individual, yet never in the history of mankind

has there been real independence of thought among the masses. Not by force so much as by finesse has mankind been led by the few to think "en masse" and not individually. Yet, slowly but surely has knowledge spread until now the basic laws of cause and effect as they operate throughout the universe are becoming known among the nations of the earth.

What we are and what we are surrounded by, what our terrestrial globe is and what *it* is surrounded by, what and of what the universe is — all these are the result of some impelling, creating *cause*. The primal cause of all is the divine mind, is Deity. Those cosmic, elemental forces that Deity originally brought into being to create, continue, and control all things, function ever the same. It is to the contemplation and analysis of these elemental forces that man's thought is directed.

God has given to each of us, his mortal children — to each one of those human beings created by His thought and in His image — a vital, eternal, everlasting spark of His own spirit and with it the power to control and direct certain things.

Therefore, man can do what God does, subject only to those great cosmic laws that He has set in motion for man's guidance and control. These laws man may not disobey without suffering the inevitable result — a result that comes not as a punishment but as an inescapable consequence.

Man should realize his absolute oneness with God,

should realize his spiritual self is a part of God, and that he is on his preordained path of development, on his course towards eternal and divine fellowship with his creator, himself a god in being, with God-given powers and God-given responsibilities. He is master of his own destiny. To mankind has been given individual freedom of choice, an individual control of the creative powers of the universe. As man selects and wisely uses, so does he grow and advance towards the ultimate God head — and as he neglects or perverts in use these elemental powers, so does he retard and prolong his advancement. Yet he ever is the one that does well or ill, that chooses wisely or unwisely. He alone is responsible for his advance, his check, or his punishment. This is God's gift to mankind, the power to *choose* and to *execute*. There is no evil excepting only that which man creates by his wrong use of this God-given power. Man controls his own environment in each and every planet and plane of being. As in the cosmos all things are formed and function by the vibratory action of God's thought upon the formless, motionless ether, so likewise may man, himself in spirit a part of God, use within the limits set by God's cosmic law this same power of thought to form, to change, to create, or destroy the material environment in which he finds himself.

God is the cause of our being — but God created us after His own image, in His own likeness, and

thenceforth we had the Godlike power of direction, of choice. We make our own environment, actually, materially. We are the cause, our environment the effect. To use this God-given power for good, and to help our fellow men to do likewise, is our destiny; and as we fulfill this destiny we steadily advance to greater and greater fields of service and development.

THREE *things control our physical well-being — what we* eat, *what we* breathe, *what we* think. *Many are coming to believe that of these three, our thoughts are the most important.*

However that may be, no one will dispute seriously the statement that good health is as much an attainment as a gift — that it can be acquired, retained, wasted, or improved as we ourselves individually elect. If this is so, there is certainly nothing upon which we can more profitably spend time and study. Yet how the average man wastes and abuses his health daily — how he neglects the delicate and complicated machinery of his body!

The proper prescription is with us always — merely a wisely balanced variety of thought, a happy and serene state of mind — a simple diet of food naturally consumed and quietly digested — and an unlimited supply of fresh air.

EXISTENCE

IT IS a pretty poor specimen of a man in all charity who has not at some time asked himself just what he is on this earth for — and for what end he and the other human mites have been given this life here, this brief existence, and the inevitable passing-on. Whenever we do stop for a moment to consider our life from this standpoint, things focus far differently. To be sure we speedily forget it all — plunge back into our work and our pleasures, forgetful of this brief glimpse of standards of worth and value so foreign to our daily environment. Yet those who carry the remembrance of this glimpse over into their daily lives are apt to realize more and more as the years pass that what they are here for is not to do for themselves, but rather to do for others.

This idea that we can live a separate individual life, thinking only of ourselves and ignoring the effect on others of what we do or do not say and do, is all wrong. There is no such thing in this existence as living apart. The test of our life is its effect on others. In the last analysis we shall be held responsible for this — and only this.

It comes as rather a startling thought when one stops to realize how very seldom we any of us apply this acid test to our personal activities. How many

lives would have been different if the individuals had made this the criterion of their success, this their aim and ambition. There is pathos in the thought of what vast opportunities for doing good here on earth have been disregarded, lost, cast away by the failure of mankind to keep ever before it this standard of conduct, this measure of responsibility, this gauge of a successful life.

What is human life, human existence? What is that "being" that sets apart mankind from the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air? Or is man in fact not a being apart from all other life but merely a portion of that life in a certain stage of development? Is there a fundamental difference between man and nature? Do the two ever blend? Is the life principle that permeates the universe the same in essential quality whether in the stone, the tree, or the human being? In other words, has man merely progressed in his evolution through the ages up from the beast to his present stage?

The Jewish Bible, that book of faith of the Christian religion, says as to the origin of man, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them." The student of metaphysics believes that the Deity by His divine thought created man after His own image and endowed him with the spark of His own divine nature, which spark (called the soul of man) is that

deathless, eternal principle, the "life," the "being," the "I Am" that distinguishes mankind from all else in the world excepting only God himself, and which will eventually, after long ages of human struggle and development on different planes of being, return to and become again a part of the Divine Being as in the beginning.

If this is so, then life is everlasting. There is change in surroundings, in appearance, in environment, in condition; but never a cessation of "being." There can be no death, no termination of existence, of life itself. There may be disintegration of the shell, the body; but the soul of each of us can never die but must ever pass onward through cosmic planes of development back to that power which is the head of all that is, and which in its divine purposes saw fit to create of and from itself a counterpart — man — primitive in his beginning but of God — and by God endowed with that which places him apart and above all else in our universe, namely power to mold and control his own destiny.

Wise men tell us that the universe was created by God by the power of His divine thought, that the elements of which all things are formed were first brought into existence by the divine mind, and that the laws under which they act and function were thereafter established in like manner. When God breathed into the nostrils of that earthly form of physical matter we call *man* the breath of life, he gave to it this same

divine power of creation. Man's duty and destiny is to learn how to use this power. He is a child of God, weak, ignorant, undeveloped, but possessed of the spark that makes him in very truth, a son of God.

And with this divine inheritance comes to man his power to choose. His creator made for him a universe and for him established cosmic laws to govern, guide and direct all things. This universe is not of God; it is merely God's creation and can be by Him destroyed. But to man God is more than a creator: He is a father. In man the divine power that created all things has placed a bit of itself. We cannot conceive of Deity destroying a part of its own being.

Man does not live forever in his present life. Here on earth he lives ignorant of his powers and of how to use them, ignorant of his destiny, in great part even of his parenthood. But inevitably within the ordained workings of the universe he will hereafter learn and grow into his inheritance.

One thing only must we from the beginning understand. We are each of us a part of God, a God in being. As such, ours alone is the power to advance or to stagnate. The heaven and hell of each man lies within himself. Reward and punishment, happiness and sorrow, rest within the individual. For each there is no evil except that which he himself causes, nor good but that which he himself creates. This is God's gift to His sons. They would not be sons else. The greatest teacher of all once said "as a man thinketh

so is he," and in this saying is contained the wisdom of the world.

As you think so are you. You make yourself, punish yourself, and reward yourself. You can be helped and hindered, but never advanced or held back except by your own individual choice. God himself does not punish or reward. He has made you of Himself. Your life is His, surrounded by His cosmic laws. You must observe and regard their restrictions if you would progress along the path that leads up to your creator. But the choice of path is always yours to make, and your evil and your good are always of your own inner making.

About you, encompassing you, permeating you and the little planet upon which you are now passing, is knowledge and power without measure. Yet all this knowledge, all this elemental power is impersonal. Brought into existence by Deity and confined and controlled by His creative laws, it obeys in like manner the power of your thought, and creates or destroys in strict accordance with your own inner imaginings.

This earthly existence is but a plane — a step in your progress as a soul, a living spirit. No two progress alike. Some advance, some stand still, some go backward, but ever the universe moves according to the fixed purpose of its creator, and man within it works out his destiny by the power of his thought, passing steadily onward through pain and suffering, through happiness unspeakable, as his thought is

right or wrong, always to one end — that end a joining sooner or later with the soul of Deity, with that creator of all things — by whom man himself was made and of whom the human soul was, is, and ever shall be, a living part.

We need *never feel that we shall be held responsible for what others do (except so far as we are the conscious cause). All we have to do is to sit down and figure out just what we shall most like to have to our credit when this life's ledger is finally balanced — and then go out and do those things. They can be done by every one — they are not like wealth, like fame, like honors. These come and go. It is a great comfort to know that what we take with us from this world is not what we "get" here, but what we "do."*

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S0-ADY-654